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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE opening speeches at the Imperial Conference augur well for its success, for the references to sentimental ties were coupled with ample references to economic problems. The problem of Imperial trade is now even more important than that of Imperial defence. Neither trade nor emigration has developed with anything like the rapidity that had been hoped for immediately after the war. Imperial preference, which was first unanimously accepted by the Imperial War Conference in 1917 and reaffirmed in 1923, has led to substantial results, the value of which has been somewhat diminished by the difficulties which this preference has created for Great Britain in its trade with the Continent. Even more important than the matter of preference is the supply of capital to the Dominions, and the Conference might usefully devote much of its time to a study of the methods by which British capital could with safety and profit be encouraged still further to co-operate in the development of Dominion industries.

In the speeches made on the opening day there was the expected evidence of divergencies of opinion. General Hertzog naturally emphasized the independence of the nations which form the British Commonwealth, but he did so as tactfully as the strength of public opinion in his own country would allow him to do. And he used one phrase which might well be taken as the guiding motto for the Conference. There should be, he said, "in principle, unrestrained freedom of action to each individual member of the Commonwealth; in practice, consolidation with a view to co-operative action wherever possible." The Prime Minister of Newfoundland went to the other extreme and declared that Newfoundland was so satisfied that she did not even wish to be consulted on questions of foreign policy. This attitude is flattering, but dangerous, for it is essential that consultations on foreign policy should be as frank and as frequent as possible.

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One of the most difficult problems connected with the Conference is that of publicity, and Mr. Davidson, who is to be responsible for the supply

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of information, will have to fight hard if he is to obtain permission to issue *communiqués* which are sufficiently detailed to stimulate public interest. We fully understand that in certain circumstances the proceedings of the Conference must be kept secret. Sir Austen Chamberlain's review of foreign affairs, for example, would be almost useless if he could not speak with a knowledge that nothing he said would be divulged to the Press, and in certain other cases wide publicity might tend to rob the debates of much of their frankness. But half the value of an Imperial Conference is, or should be, the increased public interest it arouses, and interest dies out very rapidly if the official *communiqués* are as brief and laconic as were those during the war or the Peace Conference. If there are differences and difficulties, the public should know of them, and the delegates to the Conference may rest assured that in a case like this the force of public opinion will help rather than hinder agreement.

* * *

Another matter which delegates to the Conference will discuss and which has hitherto attracted very little publicity is the possibility of signing the Optional Clause of the Permanent Court of International Justice, by which the Signatory States agree to submit all "justiciable" disputes with other Signatory States to arbitration. Many countries have now signed this Clause, and it would seem to be logical for the Dominions to urge Great Britain to do so, since some of them are fearful lest the Foreign Office should plunge this country, and even the Empire, into new wars. Australia, however, and probably other Dominions as well, have a distrust of the Permanent Court; but we are inclined to think that a careful study by the Imperial Conference of the possibilities of placing more confidence in the Court and worrying less about the "sanctions" clauses of the League Covenant might show us a way out of some of the difficulties caused by our conflicting interests in Europe and in the Dominions.

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After a great deal of anonymous preparatory propaganda, the international bankers' manifesto demanding the abolition of trade restrictions was published on Wednesday. This manifesto points out that Europe is hampered by prohibitive tariff barriers erected after the war, and that until these barriers are removed there can be no prosperity. With these sentiments everybody is doubtless in agreement, and, in fact, the study of tariffs will be one of the most important questions to be undertaken by the League of Nations at its International Economic Conference which is to meet next year. The signatories of this appeal are very important bankers and industrialists, but what effect they hope to make by issuing it remains something of a mystery. It may help in that it emphasizes to the French the importance of rapid stabilization, and it may hinder in that it encourages Germany to believe that the Versailles Treaty is as much of a failure as German propagandists would have us think. But all that

the bankers say has been said a thousand times before, and we should be interested to know the reasons for this much-boasted repetition of perfectly obvious facts.

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The campaign of the Miners' Executive—the "Council of War"—has had some effect on the numbers of men at work in the pits, and altogether between four and five thousand fewer miners are working to-day than when the campaign began. The weakness of the Executive lies in the fact that the effect of their oratory is likely to be only temporary, and that as they move from area to area what they gain by their presence in one district they will lose by their absence from another. Nearly one-fifth of the total number of miners in the country are now back at work, and though this figure may remain stationary or even slightly decrease under the influence of Mr. Cook and his "circus," it is probable that within the next few days the peak of success likely to be attained by the campaign will have been reached, and thereafter the figures will once more mount up.

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The Executive are looking to the effects of their campaign, coupled with the growing impatience of the public at the shortage of coal now that the cold weather has begun, to force the owners or the Government to make another move towards a settlement. Unless they are suddenly much more successful than they have been up to the present their calculations are not likely to be realized. Rumours are afloat of an intention of the Government to reopen negotiations, and it is the fact that certain of the owners have grown uneasy at the prospect of a long continuation of the stoppage, but too much importance should not be attached to these things. Parliament meets again on Monday to prolong the Emergency Regulations for a further period of one month, and something may conceivably happen then. But so far there is no indication that the Government intend to depart from their decision that their rejected offer to the miners of a national tribunal should be their last effort at mediation. In the present stage of the dispute, with the authority of the Federation almost gone, there is probably nothing they could do. The miners have themselves made further intervention impossible.

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The miners' leaders have now lost almost the last shred of sympathy opinion in the country was ready to afford them. They have proceeded from folly to folly. Beginning with a good deal of public support, even in unexpected quarters (from those who, however much they disliked Mr. Cook, felt that the miners themselves had a fair case), they have wantonly lost it all by an unprecedented display of vanity and pig-headedness. Everything they might have had they rejected—the Coal Commission's Report, the Samuel Memorandum, the Bishop's proposals, and the Government's scheme for a national

tribunal—and even their friends are out of patience with them. By their latest move, attempting to prolong a hopeless struggle by recalling men who had seen the uselessness of further resistance and had gone back to work, they are guilty of a gross betrayal of their followers.

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The Annual Congress of the Radical Party in France has ended in a way which should give some encouragement to M. Poincaré, since the predominant feeling in the party is obviously in favour of a truce rather than of open warfare, and those of its members who joined the Poincaré Cabinet have been let off very lightly. But the Conference gave him no useful hints as to the attitude he should adopt towards the ratification of the Mellon-Béranger Debt Agreement, since some of its members favoured ratification with reservations, while others realized that reservations put down in a preamble or a covering letter would merely cause annoyance in the United States and would have no legal value. In the circumstances, it is perhaps not surprising that M. Poincaré has issued a *démenti* of the various and conflicting intentions attributed to him, and has pointed out that the Cabinet has not yet dealt with the debt problem at all. In point of fact, of course, members of the Cabinet have been approached, and their opinions differ so widely that M. Poincaré still does not know what line to take when the Chamber meets next month.

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The rapid collapse of Trotsky's revolt against Stalin serves to show how little we know in this country about Russian affairs, owing partly to the fact that some of our most important newspapers have not even now their own correspondents in Moscow. Articles which appeared in the British Press last week have given the most contradictory accounts because they have been written either by disciples or by enemies of Trotsky. It would seem that the revolt was a much more humble affair than it was at first made out to be, and that Stalin and his supporters in the Communist Party have intentionally exaggerated it in order to arouse alarm lest the regime should be in danger, and to make the defeat of Trotsky and Zinoviev easier to encompass. To the outsider the important feature of the squabble is that the members of the Opposition have come once more within the Communist fold, but that, humiliated as they are, they still continue to be a danger to the predominance of Stalina.

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The situation in China has developed with unusual rapidity during the past week, and at one time it seemed probable that the Kuominchun troops would occupy Shanghai. The danger of this step, with the international complications which must inevitably have followed it, has now diminished, but there can be no doubt that the Kuominchun Army gains strength every day and

has now cleared Sun Chuan-feng, the War Lord of the five Provinces round Shanghai, nearly off the map. Their success, in fact, is so great that the notorious "Christian" General, Feng Hsiang, has even ventured back from his sanctuary in Moscow to take command of those of his followers who remain faithful to him despite his frequent desertions. Provided Chang Tso-lin is left undisturbed in Manchuria, there now seems to be a possibility of a fairly stable Government, Reddish in colour, in Peking, with another fairly stable Government, very White indeed, in Mukden. And a stable Government, though it be of unattractive shade, would be far preferable to the colourless crowd which now claims to rule from Peking.

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For a people opposed in principle to monarchy, the Americans are rather surprisingly interested in monarchs. Their interest, moreover, takes forms disconcerting to their royal visitors. The questions propounded to the Queen of Rumania have been fantastic even when judged by the standards of the American reporter. Occasionally, as in that matter of the education of Jews in Rumania, they have been such as to tax the Queen's diplomacy; oftener they have been calculated only to make her feel embarrassed by the necessity of revealing her small personal preferences. She has stood up to the ordeal valiantly, and the American public now know, among other momentous facts, that she enjoys a double portion of cream with her breakfast. "Queen, you've said a mouthful," an American is alleged to have said to the Queen of the Belgians on a certain occasion. The Queen of Rumania has certainly said a mouthful. We do not think the American nation is alone to blame for the astonishing spectacle which she and they are furnishing.

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The archæological world is at present much moved by a new discovery which appears to revolutionize our ideas of the age of writing. In March, 1924, a farmer at Glozel, in the Allier, discovered, while ploughing, some curious bricks. On digging he came upon a pit with a number of fragments of pottery and stone weapons. These were at first taken for Gallo-Roman remains, but Doctor Morlet, of Vichy, seeing them some time later, recognized them as part of a prehistoric station, and the excavations were resumed. The objects found seem to touch on one side the Ægean civilization, on the other palæolithic art, but the most amazing among them were some half-baked bricks with inscriptions in some ninety characters of a script which cannot be read, but has some affinity with another inscription found in Portugal some years ago. The genuineness of the discovery is vouched for by Prof. van Gennep and M. Salomon Reinach, who have themselves found similar objects in an untouched part of the excavation. As there is no clue to the language spoken in Gaul in the third millennium B.C., the reading of these inscriptions will present almost insuperable difficulties.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE LIBERALS

FOR some time it has been the stock thing to say that the Liberal Party will never recover until both Lord Oxford and Mr. Lloyd George have left it. Lord Oxford has now gone, but Mr. Lloyd George has every intention of staying and of converting his nominal leadership of the party in the Commons into a real leadership of the party in the country. He has, indeed, every encouragement to make the attempt. No one realizes better than himself how badly he went wrong during the general strike. His facts were wrong, his judgment was wrong, and his integrity went wrong to this extent, that he laid himself open to the suspicion of angling for his own interest in the public trouble. His party knew all these things, too, but for all that it refused to support Lord Oxford in bringing his rebellious lieutenant to discipline, and accordingly Lord Oxford has resigned. He has the legitimate excuse that his life has been a hard one and that he is an old man, but though he is too proud to fight for leadership, that does not alter the fact that the party had refused the conditions on which alone effective leadership is possible. Can any one else hope for success where Lord Oxford has failed? Sir John Simon, Lord Reading, and Sir Herbert Samuel are among the names that have been mentioned for the succession to Lord Oxford. None has any popular following. Sir John Simon's ability is purely forensic; Lord Reading has never had the slightest insight into party politics; and Sir Herbert Samuel is constitutionally timid and an intellectual trimmer without personal magnetism. Mr. Lloyd George would make short work of any one of them who appeared as a rival for leadership. The Liberal Party in the country is under no illusions about his character, but it wants to use his gifts; and though it knows from experience that every one in the past who has tried to use him has ended in being used by him, and that this will probably be its own fate, it can see no alternative. For it has made a discovery in the last few years. For two whole generations the Liberal Party has been an army of Radicals officered by Whigs and Moderates. The political accidents of the Great War prolonged this system, and made the Radical Lloyd George the leader of a Liberal war-plutocracy and Lord Oxford and his friends leaders of a faithful Radical rank and file. Now the party has discovered that the head does not fit the body. The Radicals are determined to be led by a Radical, and Mr. Lloyd George is obviously the only Radical who will do. That is the logic of what has happened.

It is not to be expected that the authority of Mr. Lloyd George will be established without a struggle. The animosities are very deep, and the departure of Lord Oxford may exasperate them for a time. But it seems reasonably certain that Mr. Lloyd George will succeed to the goodwill of the Liberal name, which is still worth something in the country. Nor is he the man to tolerate, as Lord Oxford so often did, rebellion within his own party. He will not shrink from wholesale proscriptions should they become necessary, and provided that he captures the name and the machine of the party, he would rather

lead a small party that is united than a larger party that is divided. We may expect desertions on an extensive scale. But convinced as he is that the party in the country is crying out for a Radical leader and a new Radical policy, Mr. Lloyd George (unless we are very much mistaken in him) will cheerfully let those who were not sympathetic leave him or form a dissentient Liberal conventicle of their own rather than be embarrassed with insincere or doubtful support.

Contrary to the popular belief, Mr. George is anything but courageous in his general political practice, but every now and then he plunges, and we are near one of these periodic plunges. Already he has begun laying the outlines of a new Radical policy on the land, and although there is not the smallest sign that it has captured the imagination of the country as he had hoped, he is quite prepared to amend it or to substitute something better. There is no doubt of the general direction in which his mind is moving. To say that he is contemplating joining the Labour Party or forming an alliance with it is too crude a way of expressing the subtle calculations of a mind that from waking to the last minute before sleep thinks of nothing whatever but politics. It is his way always to keep several alternative policies in mind at once. His ideal scheme of politics would be a state in which he was free to lead an independent Liberal Party if it were strong enough, or to coalesce as convenience dictated with the Conservative or Labour Parties, or with any fragments that he could detach from either. This rounded dome of Georgian party polity is shattered beyond repair, and even he must now have definitely abandoned hope of another coalition with Conservatives except for the temporary purpose of keeping Labour out or in order to frighten Labour into accepting his terms for a coalition with itself. For this last is the main general direction of his mind. We need not look further for an explanation of his obsession with the land than the days of the "people's budget"—of which it does not in the least surprise us to learn from his book that Lord Oxford was coldly critical at the time. But it is not, perhaps, altogether fanciful to see another explanation somewhat more subtle. Liberalism has never quite lost its hold on the agricultural constituencies, and agriculture will for long enough yet be the principal British industry. If Mr. Lloyd George by his land policy or by any means could consolidate the agricultural vote in his favour and at the same time resist further Labour gains in the towns at the expense of the Liberals, he might be in a very strong position for negotiation. "I represent Labour as well as you," he might say, "for I have the labourers' vote behind me. Why should we not join forces and concert a common policy?" In that way without the fusion of the two parties it is possible to imagine Mr. Lloyd George and his Liberals calling the policy of the Labour Party, and in course of time wrecking a Labour unity which has long been apparent rather than real and of late is ceasing even to be apparent.

We are taking a view of the forces that is purely objective and not coloured by our own party sympathies. But it is obvious, of course, that the future development of the Liberal Party is a subject of very serious import to Con-

servatives, especially if, as seems very probable, Mr. Lloyd George establishes his unquestioned ascendancy and the policy of the party moves steadily towards the Left as it certainly would under him. There might be compensations for Conservatives in such developments as we have imagined, for Mr. Lloyd George is a realist, not a theorist, and the pure milk of Socialism would have to be very much watered down. On the other hand, weak as the Liberals may be numerically, their alliance with Labour would bring a vast accession of new strength out of all proportion to their numbers. For the Labour Party at present is far more in need of fresh talent and fresh ideas than of increased voting power (which is considerable enough as it is if only the leaders had an idea of how to use it), and these the friendship of the Liberal Party might bring to it. Thoughtful Conservatives will not make the mistake of writing off the Liberal Party as a spent force in politics, nor will they underrate the possible danger to themselves from a Liberal Party, however small, which is united and speaks with one mind. The accession of Mr. Lloyd George to undisputed power in the party councils may make a great difference to politics, for fierce as the quarrels have been between Lord Oxford and Conservatives, the divisions between them did not go very deep. It may be different with a Liberal Party that will fight light as it would under Mr. Lloyd George, with a minimum of the old impedimenta of party principles, and seeking always the opportunity for fresh combinations. Except to take note of new forces, Conservatives can do nothing but continue in the path of their duty and wait developments. But if the result of Lord Oxford's resignation be to make Mr. Lloyd George Liberal leader, and if his flirtations with Labour are not in the future merely personal but have a small but united Radical Party ready to bless a regular engagement, it is a clear advertisement of danger that thoughtful Conservatives will not miss. It is a warning that they, too, are a Labour Party, no less sincere and much more practical than Socialists or Liberals; that their policy must be constructive and sympathetic; and that the triumph of Diehardism in the party councils would face the country with a dismal choice between revolution and Radicalism rampant.

BOOM !

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S pleasant habit of writing to the newspapers—his newspapers—is becoming an established feature in our national life. A few weeks ago he wrote to tell them how good they were, as a man who is apprehensive of his health might seek to reassure himself by loudly asserting his fitness. Every day and in every way they get better and better. "The last issue of the *Sunday Express*," he said in effect, "was extremely good; I wish every reader of the *Daily Express* had taken it."

There's philanthropy for you! His lordship will yield to none in his missionary zeal. His heart goes out to the readers of the *Daily Express*, especially the poor wanderers to whom light has

not yet come, who have not yet been converted to the *Sunday Express*. Then why not a revivalist campaign (called, as a concession to the mundane times, a Circulation Boost)? Who is more fitted than his lordship for the rôle of revivalist leader? And the good work would have this added benefit, that the more outcasts he could persuade to a proper observance of the Sabbath, the greater would be the "collection." Let the house of slogans rejoice and the sons of publicity be glad! "Are you saved? Then read the *Sunday Express*." What could be neater? Everyone would stand to gain—proprietors, advertisers, shareholders—everyone positively, except, perhaps, the reader. But the reader, of course, does not matter. He is merely a member of that contemptible and ill-organized body, the Public, and nowadays, we are glad to say, all that antiquated nonsense about public opinion and the rights of the community has been swept away.

Lord Beaverbrook himself, speaking recently to an audience of advertising men, compared newspapers with the Underground Combine, or any other "public utility service." The Underground, he told them, have three sets of interests to consider—their shareholders, their employees, and the public (in that order); and newspapers, it seemed, only differed from the Underground in this, that they have another body to consider, their advertisers. When the shareholders have been assured a handsome dividend, and the drapers and toffee-manufacturers have been fully considered, and the employees have decided whether or not they will strike, then someone may spare a stray thought for the Public. Only do not let the thing be overdone. Why, after all, should the public be considered at all? True, in any industrial dispute, it is the public which bears the brunt of sectional squabbles, but why on that account should it be considered? For nearly six months miners and mine owners alike have never given the public a thought, and Press and Government have wrung helpless hands, appealing to one side to heed the arguments of the other, but never suggesting that both sides might conceivably consider the community. For we—the community—merely pay. We are men and women of no importance.

Lord Beaverbrook's letter to the *Daily Express* last Tuesday was a particularly admirable specimen. This great organ of proprietorial opinion is earning a great name for itself by the unflinching regularity with which it discovers the signs—hidden from less perceptive eyes—of imminent returns to prosperity. A great wave of well-being constantly threatens to engulf the nation; a trade boom awaits it once a month. Again the tide is upon us: hearken to the words of the prophet. "Sir," says the Proprietor to the Editor, "Sir:

The London newspapers are now experiencing the greatest boom in advertising they have ever known. . . . The advertising columns of the *Daily Express* are already filled up for the ensuing four weeks.

As to the *Evening Standard*, although it doubled the space available for advertising only a month ago [it will be noted that while the paper was at that time increased in size only 50 per cent., the advertising space was increased 100 per cent.] it is completely full up and overflowing with advertisements on this very day.

The lives of "the whole public" will be affected by this portent, Lord Beaverbrook goes on to

say. "For this sudden upsurge in advertising means that the country stands on the edge of a great wave of prosperity." Only a very great seer would dare such a prophecy in the face of the discouraging facts. It needs a man of rare and mighty vision to herald a "great wave of prosperity," with nearly two million unemployed in the country, and a coal stoppage in progress which has lasted nearly six months, cost the nation over £300,000,000 in lost trade, and is even now by no means over. But let Mr. Cook do his worst, the nation's drapers will stand firm to a man! There are still hats and silk stockings to be advertised, and Lord Beaverbrook, who has more than once publicly avowed his pride in the drapery advertisements in his journals, knows that all is well. So, like a king addressing his people, he bids the public be of good cheer, and the public, the "whole" of whom are to be "affected" by the good news, will doubtless find therein ample consolation when their income-tax claims come in.

But that is by no means all. "There is another and special sign of prosperity." Prosperity for whom, the prophet does not divulge, but the sign is plain enough. Indeed, we might all have guessed it: what would it be but circulation? "Last Saturday the *Evening Standard* [a Beaverbrook paper] sold a greater number of copies than it has ever done. . . ." Could anything in the world be clearer? Here is the fullest, most absolute proof of the good time coming that ever gladdened a harassed nation's eyes. When the figures of this newspaper reach the million mark presumably the good time will definitely have arrived.

COVENT GARDEN, THE FOUNDLING SITE, AND THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

BY D. S. MACCOLL

WE hear a great deal about Town Planning, but each actual project for pouring the ever-expanding hogshead of London's activity into the pint-pot of London's space involves destruction of one more bit of fine planning or design that remains to us from the past. Church and Commerce between them are hungry for the destruction of Wren's work in the City, and Traffic has an eye upon the half-semblance of a "close" north of St. Paul's for one of its "roundabouts." The fate of Waterloo Bridge is trembling in the balance. And now Traffic and Finance are proposing, as they aptly put it, "to kill two birds with one stone," one of the birds being the fragment of Inigo Jones's plan of market, piazzas and church in Covent Garden; the other the noble oasis of the Foundling Hospital with its grounds and flanking squares. These two sites are in the hands of a syndicate, the Beecham Estates Company, and it is proposed to transfer the market from one to the other. A Bill to sanction this scheme will be presented to Parliament in November, and it is favoured by the Ministry of Transport and the traffic authority of the police.

Now we must reluctantly allow that the market may sooner or later have to go elsewhere. The publishers will perhaps be pleased, yet it is a pity, for to stand under Inigo Jones's deep portico is to recover an illusion of the ancient London, a manageable city with its market and market church. But the cabbages and apples have burst their old bounds and spread into

the narrow surrounding streets, and these are congested, through the busy part of the day, with wagons and lorries. No driver in a hurry will attempt to pass that way, and Traffic is anxious to cut here a relief-line for the Strand east and west from Charing Cross Road to Aldwych, and a better track to the north than the present Bow Street affords.

That part of the project, then, it is difficult to resist, though there will be strong opposition from many of the market-tenants. But is the other part, the use for the displaced market of the Foundling site, either inevitable or desirable? In this case, as in that of Waterloo Bridge, the claims of beauty and amenity will go a very little, if any, way towards affecting a decision. It is obvious enough that the blow to Bloomsbury, as a quarter of spacious squares and quiet streets grouped about learned institutions, would be crippling, but Commerce and Traffic do not listen to such arguments; the needs of those who wish to live and think and study in London cannot be reckoned against the need of the motor lorry, with its 8 ft. 6 in. of permitted load-width, to thunder along even more quickly and more innumerable. We must concentrate, therefore, on the question: Would it really be in the interest of Commerce-Traffic to make this raid on what ought to be the reserve for a University Quarter?

Sir Arthur Du Cros, Chairman to the Committee of the Company owning the two sites, put the case for transfer before the Bridges Commission. From the reports of his evidence the following facts emerge. Covent Garden is a dump to which vegetables and fruit are brought for redistribution, not in London only, but through a great part of the country as well. Seventy-five per cent. of the stuff is estimated to come from the south, twenty-five per cent. from the docks and elsewhere. Redistribution, apart from the local service of London, takes place to the railway terminals, as much as sixty per cent. of the total going to the three neighbouring stations for the North in the Euston Road. The seventy-five per cent. from the South makes its way over Waterloo Bridge and a good deal of it is slow, horse-driven traffic. The case for transfer, apart from the space to be won by destroying the Foundling Hospital, with Brunswick and Mecklenburgh Squares, was supported by two arguments: (1) that removal to the new site would bring the market nearer to the northern terminal stations, (2) that removal to a greater distance would relieve Waterloo Bridge by bringing other bridges, i.e., Blackfriars and Westminster, into play. Neither of these arguments appears to have much substance. As to (1), if bulk has to be broken at some point between Waterloo on the south and King's Cross on the north, nothing seems to be gained by fixing that point farther on in the course, short of the terminus itself. It would be different if the market adjoined the railway with its sidings, and one journey by lorry were eliminated. As to (2), the relief of Waterloo Bridge, I take it that so far as the inward morning traffic is concerned, there is no congestion on that Bridge, because of the early hours at which that traffic takes place. About the return journey we want more information. Do the same vehicles take the stuff on from Covent Garden to the railways, and at what hours do they return, and to what extent empty or filled with a return cargo? Unfortunately the limited reference of the Bridges Commission did not allow the subject to be fully explored. One wishes that a permanent Royal Commission for London could be established, under a chairman with Lord Lee's gifts for eliciting and testing evidence, to report on all big projects affecting either convenience or the amenities of the town. But Sir Arthur Du Cros's argument was to this effect, that if the market were removed to a greater distance from the bridge-head the traffic, instead of going straight over Waterloo Bridge, would tend to radiate over the bridges on either side. That, surely, is a very doubtful

assumption, and if the radiation did take place, the advantage is not obvious; were the traffic bound for divergent points, there would be a gain; but as it is all making for a fixed point straight ahead, having radiated out, it would have to radiate in again, and by the extent of deviation increase the general congestion.

No: the case for this particular transfer rests only on the present and growing congestion at Covent Garden and the fifteen-acre space available at the Foundling; but the "radiation" argument points to an entirely different solution. It is not generally realized that the centre of London lies in the neighbourhood of Waterloo Station, not merely in the sense that if one point of the compasses be placed there the other will sweep the circle of closely inhabited London, but also in the sense that St. George's Circus and the Elephant and Castle between them are the hub from which roads radiate through London in all directions. This arises from the fact that the River forms here so sharp a salient that Westminster Bridge is at a right angle to Blackfriars Bridge, and the Embankment about Westminster runs north and south, not east and west. The result is that the eight road-river crossings from the Tower to Vauxhall Bridge do not run parallel but diverge like the spokes of a wheel. The inner six, London Bridge to Lambeth, are like the sticks of a fan, some more or less dislocated, others straight as a rule. The Waterloo line is one of these.

Now a traffic strategist, surveying this lay-out, would surely argue, Since my object in the end is to distribute the stuff over London as well as to those stations in the north, and the whole of it either already collects in the south or might readily do so, why should I begin by pressing it all through a narrow channel to the north, and set up a second centre for "radiation," through awkward channels; why not radiate at once from this ready-made centre, i.e., from Waterloo Station or as near as possible? It may be impossible to acquire a site that would be an extension of the station (the ideal solution), but it is in evidence that on the water-side there is property ripe for new uses. To such a site barges could bring the percentage that comes from the docks, and barges could carry away the percentages that are distributed to the west of London, as coal and petrol, wood and bricks are now transported, with the economy of water-carriage, and to the relief of traffic on the roads. That this solution suggested itself to the Chairman of the Bridges Commission is evident from a question that he put, and Sir Arthur Du Cros's reply is the hopeful point in the prospect for Bloomsbury. His mind, he said, is open, and he would be glad to accept a site south of the River if he could get one. I suppose many of the small traders might object because of the distance; perhaps for them, if need be, a smaller sub-centre might still remain at Covent Garden. But this possibility of a main southern centre should be thoroughly explored when the project comes before Parliament.

If such a solution should be found, what about the Foundling site? The alternative plan of the syndicate is to build blocks of flats upon it. That would be less deadly for Bloomsbury, but still destructive to the whole character and history of the oasis. It is difficult to acquit the governors of the Foundling Hospital of a very light treatment of their responsibilities to a noble benefaction when they grasped at a transfer of their charges to the country without a thought for the future of the monument, in building and grounds, of the founder, his own tomb, and the associations and gifts of great artists in painting and music that had enriched the place. Among the governors I am told that Privy Councillors are *ex officio* included: were they effectively aware of the decision? As things stand, the only hope of salvage lies with the University of London, which might, at an earlier stage, have secured the site at a much lower price but for the

endless conflict of its two elements, the old Examining and the new Teaching side. Before this article appears it should be known whether the Senate will accept a final offer from the Government of a part of the other Bloomsbury site, north of the British Museum. That, if acquired, will suffice for certain institutions, but in the long run it will not be enough. The University of London has a vast future, municipal, national and imperial, but at present it is invisible, its offices mixed up with the Imperial Institute, its teaching divided among some ninety incorporated or affiliated institutions. As I have argued before in these columns, the brain centre of the University must always be the British Museum, with its universal library, its collections and branches of research, and not far away is University College, the chief of the teaching institutions. Near them should be the University's visible administrative centre, and round about it a residential University quarter, such as Paris is now providing for its students. For these purposes the Hospital offers a beginning in its existing buildings, with room to expand, and in its neighbouring streets and squares. Where else, if this opportunity goes by, are they to be found? The difficulty, of course, is one of money; but if London has any pride, and the University itself any faith in a great destiny, the money would surely be forthcoming. The bigger the call, the bigger is likely to be the response.

[We understand that at its meeting on Wednesday the Senate of London University was disposed towards acceptance of the Government's offer of the Bloomsbury site north of the British Museum, but that negotiations are still proceeding. This, of course, does not affect the Foundling site, but it is something gained. If the University establishes itself in Bloomsbury the advantage of another site in the same area for subsequent expansion is obvious.—Ed. S.R.]

THE SPACIOUS DAYS OF HARRY

By A. A. B.

THIS judiciously written and admirably arranged memoir* of one who was sportsman, politician, man of fashion, and owner of racehorses, tells of a life that could not be lived to-day, and perhaps will never be livable again. The serious may sneer, but it takes a man of no ordinary ability to do all the things that Harry Chaplin did so well. To be a master of foxhounds, and hunt your pack, to own Hermit and ruin the man who stole your betrothed, to stalk deer, to be the favourite of fashionable saloons and smart country houses; and to be a Cabinet Minister in two administrations; to do all these things for half a century requires a coolness of head and a vigorous versatility such as very few can command, and in its total amounts to something like heroism. Of course, fortune had given her favourite two of her finest gifts—an ample patrimony and an invincible physique. At the age of eighty, and within a year of his death, Lord Chaplin, riding eighteen stone, went out with the hounds. Varying a famous phrase, Harry Chaplin took all pleasure for his province. If you are going to be a hedonist, do it thoroughly and on the grand scale. Perhaps Chaplin, who, whatever Randolph Churchill might say, had plenty of brains, perceived that the days of the Lord Scamperdales were drawing to an end, and determined to have the best of everything while he could.

* 'Henry Chaplin.' By the Marchioness of Londonderry. Macmillan. 21s.

There is, to be sure, the reverse of the picture. He was a careless, if affectionate, father, and left his three children to be brought up by his brother-in-law and their aunt. He spent all his fortune, which a man with children ought not to do. It happened that his son and daughters married well, but they might not have done so. For the last ten years of his life, when Stafford House ceased to afford him a home, Lord Chaplin lived on his second-class political pension of £1,200 in chambers in Charles Street, with one servant, and as this happened to be the period of the war, the old man was bitterly uncomfortable, as well as ill. Everyone should so manage his life as to die with dignity.

Chaplin's interest in agriculture was sincere, as it could not help being for the owner of 25,000 acres in Lincolnshire. His knowledge of farming, however, was not so profound as his knowledge of hunting and racing. But it was enough to induce Lord Salisbury to choose him as the first Minister of Agriculture in 1889, and in the Government of 1895 he was President of the Local Government Board. He was a keen Tory, naturally, and he watched the personal by-play of the game of politics with all the zest for amusement natural to him. But the Liberals would not take him seriously as a statesman, and referred to him as "a broken-down dandy." He took up the question of bimetallism, and Lady Londonderry has reproduced one of my editorial notes in this REVIEW, which is true, as I was sitting just behind the Government bench at the time. Mr. Chaplin had just made a long speech on bimetallism, and fell back with a thud, mopping his brow. "How did I do, Arthur?" he asked his leader. "Splendidly, Harry, splendidly." "Did you understand me, Arthur?" "Not a word, Harry, not a word." There is a very interesting variant of an addition to Mr. Buckle's story of how Disraeli was made into a country gentleman. Lord Henry Bentinck, though much older than Chaplin, was his guide and friend through life, and he told the story of his final quarrel with Disraeli. Lord George said to his brother, "I have found the Tories the most wonderful man in the world for a leader, and they won't have him, because he's not a country gentleman." "That's easily mended; we'll make him one," said Lord Henry, and we all know how the three brothers put up three-fourths of the purchase money of Hughenden, taking a mortgage. Then two things happened, though I cannot gather in what order of time. Denison's election as Speaker of the House of Commons was seconded by Disraeli as leader of Opposition in characteristically fulsome terms of eulogy. Lord Henry Bentinck happened to hate Denison, his brother-in-law, who, as one of the members for Notts, had bitterly attacked him during the election. Lord Henry was hurt, but said nothing until Disraeli wrote his friend a letter of explanation, we can imagine of what kind. "His letter damned him," said Lord Henry, "and I never will speak to him again." About this time Lord Titchfield had succeeded his father as Duke of Portland, and being a Peelite decided to call in the Hughenden mortgage. On hearing this, Lord Henry hurried up to town and borrowed the money from the Jews to replace the Duke's share of the mortgage. Was this after, or before, his quarrel with Disraeli? If Titchfield was a Peelite, how came he to join in the original mortgage? A very curious and incomplete story.

Of the racing, hunting, and sporting portions of the book I am not qualified to judge. There is one story I can appreciate in the chapter on deer-stalking from a vivid recollection of Harry Chaplin's majestic proportions. "Keep doon, squire, keep doon," whispered the stalker, Duncan. "Ye're so splendidly built about the haunches, that I'm afraid the deer will be seeing ye." Highland politeness could no further go.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

I AM beginning to wish I had never met all those polite and enthusiastic and altogether charming Americans last spring, because then I should never have written an essay, chiefly in praise of them, called 'American Notes.' That essay has brought me nothing but trouble. The spectacle of an Englishman praising the travelling American seems to enrage all the Americans who stay at home. It is months since the essay appeared, months since I received the first batch of indignant remonstrances, months since an American paper reprinted the essay without asking anybody's permission, and yet even now I am not left in peace. Only last week an American wrote to point out that the situation described in the essay could easily be reversed, being strangely ignorant of the fact that I had already pointed this out to him. And now, this unlucky essay having found its way to Baltimore (in the very shadow of Mr. Mencken, the collector of 'Americana'), it met the eye of Mr. Cuttle. I am afraid that my jargon was too much for Mr. Cuttle, because he seems to have misunderstood my use of the word "real" (I did not say that I had not met any genuine Americans); but that has not prevented him from putting me in my place, showing me where I get off. I see my folly now. Mr. Cuttle "had a merry evening." Have I, too, had a merry evening with him? Oh, Boy!

I feel though that I must summon up what spirit I have left, if only to make a few observations. I owe it to those charming Americans I met last spring to point out that they were not schoolmarmes or schoolboys or soap-making Babbits. I remember a singer, a musical critic, the head of a large catering business, the manager of an enormous bookshop, a pianist, and several publishers and journalists. But were they the genuine article? I thought they were, and praised, as typically American, certain admirable traits of character they displayed. But now I begin to suspect that they were not at all representative, being the mere riff-raff of travel and culture, and no part of the solid Columbian bulk. I should not have been in such a hurry, so that the fault is really mine, yet I think I have a legitimate grievance against these people. I suspect now that they were deliberately fooling me, lulling me into a complacent sense of security so that I would go away and write my foolish little essay, and then find myself attacked on all fronts by 115,000,000 *real Americans* led by Mr. Cuttle. These suspicions may be unworthy of a host and guest, but it is obvious now that these Americans I met were either appallingly ignorant, or were deliberately keeping back their knowledge in order that I should draw wrong conclusions and go away and make a fool of myself.

You have only to glance at Mr. Cuttle's letter—if such a bombshell can be glanced at—to see how I was misled. Mr. Cuttle tells me that I did not observe: "Ex-President Taft's son, who 'went over' as a corporal, or my nephews, who quit college to 'do their bit,' or the New York 'sheeny' who won the D.S.C. and Congressional Medal, or the shop-girl who did without foods

and actual necessities to buy a Liberty Bond, or the child who took his penny-bank to Uncle Sam, to 'loan' to the Allies, or the million men who worked on our war-time marine, *twenty hours a day*, to get foods and munitions to France and England." And, of course, Mr. Cuttle, with italics twisting the knife in the wound, has me at his mercy. I did not observe any of these people. If they were there, then they were carefully hidden away from me. I was not even told about them. The son of ex-President Taft might have gone over as a General for all I knew to the contrary. Not a word was dropped about Mr. Cuttle's nephews quitting college just to see us through. There is not one of these people (with the possible exception of the little boy who took his penny-bank to Uncle Sam) I would not have observed with delight. I should like to have had a chat with Corporal Taft and the nephews, for it so happens that not only do I well remember this Great American War but, by an odd chance, I am one of that handful of Englishmen who may almost be said to have taken part in it. I even remember some two thousand of those New York "sheenies," who were good enough to pretend that some of us were helping to train them. But at that time, if I remember rightly, there was an amiable pretence throughout the American Forces, who did not wish us to feel mere outsiders, that the war was not entirely theirs. Somehow I imagined that this pretence had been kept up, but in this, as in other matters, Mr. Cuttle has disillusioned me.

While I remember their war, however, I had no idea that they had suffered so much. But that, of course, is our insular unimaginative way. I am typically English in thus being unable to get outside myself. Because we are all right, because wages are high, taxes low, money abundant, the whole country rolling in luxury, I imagine that everybody is in the same happy and prosperous condition. I never give a thought to the fact that Mr. Cuttle and his fellow-countrymen (the genuine ones) are knowing what it is to have lean years, miserable wages, dwindling dividends, colossal taxation. It never occurs to me that there must be thousands of these poor fellows, many of them the very men who fought doggedly right through the autumn of 1918, who can hardly afford a car. "So laugh and jibe at us, insult us, mob and rob us," Mr. Cuttle cries, bitterly. If I had done any of those things, particularly if I had mobbed them, I should be thoroughly ashamed of myself, but here at least I am innocent. It is possible that, quite unintentionally, I have bruised the spirit of a stricken people, now more sensitive than ever because of their frugal life and shabby coats. If so, I make haste to apologize. For the rest, I still maintain that I was misled.

Not one of the Americans I met, that ignorant or deceitful crew, even hinted at the things that Mr. Cuttle now so ruthlessly discloses. How should I know, without being told, that, as Mr. Cuttle declares, they are "a people *slow to anger*, very patient under provocation," people with "a *long memory*—a patient memory—and a *burning determination* that the dear (?) Allies shall 'eat these words' in travail and sorrow." I imagined that they were just ordinary people like ourselves, common human beings, well-

meaning enough but somehow frequently inclined to be stupid, greedy, boastful, touchy. These are the only kind of people I can write essays about, and though I knew at the time, as I pointed out, that I was risking something in writing about a whole nation that I had never seen at home, if I had thought for a moment that these were in reality a special sort of people, I would not have set down a word. At that time, I imagined—in my airy way—that people who were slow to anger, who had long and patient memories and burning determination, did not really exist on this earth but only in the speeches of cheap orators and other not unquestionably honest persons. Well, I know better now, and know, too, that it is high time I stopped declaring what really exists and what does not.

I used to have certain doubts about Dickens. Yet it is to him I turn now that the bolt has fallen, now that I have had my lesson, now that Mr. Cuttle's letter still shakes with wrath in these hands still trembling with fear: "Oh, but it was a clincher for the British Lion, it was! The indignation of the glowing young Columbian knew no bounds. If he could only have been one of his own forefathers, he said, wouldn't he have peppered that same Lion, and been to him as another Brute Tamer with a wire whip, teaching him lessons not easily forgotten. 'Lion! (cried that young Columbian) where is he? Who is he? What is he? Show him to me. Let me have him here. Here!' said the young Columbian, in a wrestling attitude, 'upon this sacred altar. Here!' cried the young Columbian, idealizing the dining-table, 'upon ancestral ashes, cemented with the glorious blood poured out like water on our native plains of Chickabiddy Lick! Bring forth that Lion!' said the young Columbian. 'Alone I dare him! I taunt that Lion. I tell that Lion, that Freedom's hand once twisted in his mane, he rolls a corse before me, and the Eagles of the Great Republic laugh ha, ha!'" And so—to quote the young Columbian's friend, the literary lady in the wig—and so the vision fadeth.

ART

A TRINITY

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

Paintings by Henri Rousseau. Lefèvre Galleries, 1a King Street, St. James's.

The Magnasco Society Loan Exhibition. Agnew's Galleries, 43 Old Bond Street.

Goupil Gallery Salon. The Goupil Gallery, 5 Regent Street.

IT has been decided by the Academy of Journalists that a man is no longer of public interest as a man, not even when he murders his mother or kills himself or divorces his wife. He must now be distinguished in some quite irrelevant way: he must be a West-End Clubman or an ex-Etonian or an erstwhile scavenger. The members of this Academy have been delighted by the arrival of Rousseau's work in England. "Customs-officer artist" is, for them, so much more satisfactory a heading than "great artist." And so Rousseau has publicity, just as his namesake would gain it by "Son of well-known French watchmaker writes confessions." Certain newspaper cuttings lying about on the table at the Lefèvre Galleries shocked me into making some protest against this ridiculous habit. Surely, before these

pictures by Rousseau, passionate, sublime and shattering in their primitive intensity, the clichés of yellow journalism should decently step back to make way for an attempt, however unsuccessful, to grapple directly with the strange and moving vision of this artist. It is of very trivial interest whether he was a customs-officer or a king.

There are twelve pictures, two of them being comparatively insignificant. The exhibition is the first of its kind in England and therefore of some importance. 'Singes dans la Forêt' is architecturally grand in design. In the centre are two monkeys and an orange. The lower part of the picture on each side is occupied by a mass of luxuriant undergrowth, the two sides being of different foliage. The rigid balance of form and colour is not disturbed, but sufficient variety is introduced. Similarly with the two masses of trees in the background, with the surface pattern of oranges on them, and the centralizing thrust of their branches. 'La Forêt Equatorial,' a similar subject, is built up on diagonals, and is almost entirely green in colour except for two bold stops of white and pink flowers. 'Fleurs,' a still-life of the usual kind, has Rousseau's individuality stamped on it as clearly as have his less conventional subjects. It is of a peculiar and original loveliness of colour, besides possessing his feeling for solid, "dead" form. 'La Bougie Rose' is another still-life, in which the most remarkable feature is the play of reds, the pure scarlet of the bottle seal, the Indian red background, the natural red of the radishes and the shrill pink of the candle. It is immensely daring and immensely successful. In 'Bellvue: Effet D'automne,' Rousseau has employed the "disappearing path" motif, a symbol to which I shall return later. The picture is divided into two horizontal sections; the upper, a deep and wonderful lilac, against which the trees make an intricate arabesque in sage green and brown; the lower, a green, against which the trees are yellow, and this in spite of the fact that the sun is beyond them. In fact, for the sake of æsthetic contrast, Rousseau has taken just that liberty with nature which painters freely took before the "photographic" craze. In the foreground of 'Lion dans la Forêt' is a row of spear-like leaves which lean outwards from the centre. To break the perfect symmetry of this, three or four leaves on the right lean towards the left. To re-establish the balance, the lion is placed to the left of the centre point. It is fascinating to observe how the tree in the background has been carefully arranged to expose the whole moon. A circle is obviously a shape that appeals to Rousseau: he has an almost Greek longing for order and completeness, though the feeling he pours into his mould is far from Greek. The rhythm of 'Paysage: Banlieu de Paris' is more irregular. It sweeps easily up the path in the foreground, away to the right and turns into the picture sharply: there it is taken up by various objects and carried back across the picture in the middle distance, but it has changed, become jagged, violent and eccentric. The background is a compromise between these two extremes, welding them together and completing one of the most amazing compositions I have ever seen.

Those who have never seen Rousseau's work and who are bred in the academic Greco-Renaissance tradition may at first be repelled by what seems to them childish simplicity. Let me assure them that the compositions are infinitely more complete and sophisticated than anything I have been able to hint at. I have tried only to point a way. This artist, if we are not to rest content with a mere impression, must be studied by his own, intensely original, standards. It must be realized that his design is his subject, and that he delighted to take the most disorderly of all things, the tropical forest, and to force it to express the staid and stately rhythm in which, for him, the universe moved.

He is related, in this, to Nicholas Poussin, a

magnificent example of whose work is at Agnew's. It is a 'Bacchanal,' and, like all his similar works, profoundly serious. I used the phrase "dead form" in connexion with Rousseau: it applies also to Poussin. Neither the motive nor the flow of life appealed to these artists. They saw life, rather, as a series of potentially beautiful forms. The moment life happened into an advantageous arrangement which brought out the beauty of these forms by welding them into a harmony, the artist would, as it were, freeze what he saw into statuesque immobility; and it is that he painted.

Observe, in this 'Bacchanal,' the outlines of the composition and notice how little room there is for accident or the outbursting vigour of, to quote the opposite pole, Rubens. The theme of the design is the arc of a circle. The figures group themselves so as to form this both on the surface of the picture and in depth. That is to say that we should find the same arrangement if we took a bird's-eye view of them. This curve is echoed by the skyline: it is repeated clearly in the trumpet and in the top of the pedestal which is seen in perspective. It should be particularly noticed how carefully and deliberately Poussin broke the circle of this top: his theme was the incomplete circle. The tones of the picture are equally considered. On a major contrast of dark and light in the background he has placed a series of minor contrasts. The colour for the most part is a neutral richness composed of browns, greens and golds, but the brilliant blue dresses and the brilliant red mask in the foreground supply an overture of startling beauty.

The only other picture in the exhibition of really high quality is Bernardo Bellotto's 'Verona: The Ponte Navi,' a spacious and dignified painting which surpasses all but the best of Canaletto. Here again, since we are in the analysing vein, we may delight in the clever placing of dark houses on the right against a light sky, light houses on the left against a dark sky; the bold division of the picture by the tower, and the breaking up of stiff symmetry by the causeway on the left and the church on the right. The detail of this picture is most attractive, each of the little figures being wonderfully realized. The gaudy coach and six on the bridge is as amusing as a toy. Yet all this charming detail is subordinated to the main design.

The other pictures are mostly the empty and competent works of such painters as Marco Ricci, Marcellus Laroon, Annibale Carracci and Carravaggio. There is an unfinished, interesting Poussin, an unusual Guardi, and a Salvator Rosa, which is curiously reminiscent of Daumier's Don Quixote series and infinitely inferior.

At the Goupil Gallery there are close on five hundred works and I am afraid I must be content with a summary. In the lower rooms I was very much impressed by the predominance of two motifs, ships and the "disappearing path." Out of 113 pictures, there are twenty-five representing ships and nine representing "disappearing paths," either on land or water. This is too large a proportion to be the result of accident, and, indeed, I have often before remarked a similar preponderance of these subjects in mixed exhibitions. Is it exaggerated to see in this a symbol of modern man's desire for escape?

The exhibition contains, among many pictures I should like to have space to mention, 'The Avenue,' by John Nash; a fine water-colour by M. Vlaminck; a particularly good example of Mr. Charles Ginner's simple and serious art; two interesting new pictures by Mr. Mark Gertler; and a superb oil by Mr. Wilson Steer. This picture, 'Misty Morning on the Severn,' is a thing of fragile beauty, soft, pearly lights, a flush of rose and tender green, and here and there, lest it should float away into gossamer, little sharp black notes that pin it on to reality as a butterfly is pinned on to the cork.

THE THEATRE

LOVE AMONG THE ARTISTS

BY IVOR BROWN

The Constant Nymph. By Margaret Kennedy and Basil Dean. The New Theatre.*The Rat-Trap.* By Noel Coward. Everyman Theatre.

WHEN Mr. Somerset Maugham wrote round the figure of Gauguin his story called 'The Moon and Sixpence' he introduced to his readers and later on to his audience a plausible and disturbing vision of art as a kind of demoniac possession. When Miss Kennedy wrote 'The Constant Nymph' she realized in the character of Sanger (and to some extent in that of Lewis Dodd) this notion of the constant genius as the constant brute. In Mr. Coward's early piece, 'The Rat-Trap,' there is the same disharmony of mind and manners on a very much smaller scale. It is impossible to believe that his central figure, Maxwell, is an artist at all. He appears to be merely a nasty little scribbler with enough cunning to do the popular tricks, but he assumes the right to be as vain and prickly and rude as if he were Shakespeare, Wagner and Rembrandt rolled into one. His love-affairs are the reflection of his own conceit and selfishness. But he does not count in any consideration of the ethics of genius since he is no vessel of the divine fire but only the smart little entertainer of the people recently defined by Mr. Wells. "They have no god and their prophet is Michael Arlen."

But Miss Kennedy is an important writer and her Sanger is an important creation. The play of 'The Constant Nymph' leaves Sanger unseen. It is the triumph of the play that Sanger dominates it. Somehow or other we are persuaded without evidence that Sanger is a genius: again without evidence we admit that Dodd is at least on the threshold of greatness. To both men the art of making music is a possession by inhuman force: we may call it diabolic or call it divine: what the mood may certainly not be called is democratic. The idea of the artist as "the servant of the public" is loathsome to them. They are, by virtue of their music, to be the masters and scourges of the public. To the rest of us a double rôle is assigned; we are to be the whipping-boys of genius and, simultaneously, the gentlemen who pay its rent. The audience, in short, is to put hand to pocket on the artists' behalf and be content if it is savagely kicked for its pains. If you object that this is queer justice, the answer is that genius is not to be shackled by ethical obligations. "The true artist," wrote Shaw, "will let his wife starve, his children go barefoot, his mother drudge for his living at seventy, sooner than work at anything but his art."

The nasty little Maxwell person in 'The Rat-Trap' thinks that his profession gives him the right to bully his wife and snub his cook and generally elaborate the rôle of the constant bounder. Miss Kennedy's Sanger finds squalor to be the atmosphere most natural to genius. He breeds and forgets his brood; he entertains and forgets his guests; he allows his home to become a hen-coop of the Muses in which the ethics of the farmyard are taken for granted. As Linda remarked, in the sincerity of her rage against eviction, the place is no better than a case-house. The problems raised by this amorality of genius would be trifling if genius of this order remained in complete sequestration. If the atmosphere of beer-shop and brandy-house is the only forcing-house of Sanger's symphonies, let him have his atmospheric in nice isolation. Mr. Maugham's loathly genius went to the lepers and his progress had a symbolic value. If Sanger's 'Karindehutte' had been isolated like a leper's colony, with a leper's window through which the musical scores were passed out to the world, well and good. But the trouble is that these isolations cannot

be made. Even if man proposed, the life-force would dispose. Sanger's brood contains "sports" in the evolutionary sense. Antonia may be of the right wanton stock. But Tessa, the constant nymph, is a throw-back to decency.

In creating Tessa, as the angel in the brandy-house, Miss Kennedy obviously touched sentimental values which do much to explain the astonishing success of the book and still more of the play. Miss Edna Best's acting conveys more strongly than did the book the tragedy of cleanliness in the sty. I do not suggest that either author or player has worked Tessa's purity too hard; the surprising thing is the way in which the story is kept on a genuinely tragic level instead of declining into sob-stuff. The balance is fairly held. Sanger will have his circus; but the circus has its Columbine. Genius rejects the usage and the moral standards of society; but genius may still beget children whose instinct is for decency. Decency looks up and sees Lewis Dodd, who, if less powerful in music, is also less squalid than decency's father. But Dodd has the taint of his kind. He wants rights without duties; he will not have the ties and responsibilities which the rest of us manage to endure and even to enjoy. If his marriage with Florence Churchill is a blunder, he can have his revenge by flouting her, torturing her, leaving her. And so, even when he has fled with his constant nymph at last, he cannot see that it is his job to open the window when Tessa is in the mortal agony of a heart-attack. So he scribbles his letters while she fights with death and the window-latch together. It is a superb ending, scalding in its irony. Any little philistine might have and would have saved Tessa that awful journey from bed to window, from life to death. But genius does not think of these things. Whom such gods love, die young.

Yet the thing is not unfair. There are decencies in Dodd, as there must have been in Sanger. Mr. Coward's play about love among the artists fails because one believes neither in their love nor in their art. Miss Kennedy succeeds because she so faithfully articulates the eternal perplexities of things. We need our Sangers and our Dodds; they quicken our life, since life is quick in them. But we have to pay the price of their strange power. At least somebody must: in this case it is Tessa, for whom there is peace neither in the racket of the circus nor in the order of the home. Nature intended her for cleanliness and then put her in the mire. Where the artist is possessed of the devil the artist's friends and family will pay the satanic rent. To an odd, harsh world, 'The Constant Nymph' is harshly true. What sort of peace can there be when love comes among the artists?

Not peace, but a squalor. The play, magnificently produced by Mr. Dean, who has collaborated in the adaptation, establishes admirably the squalor in the mountain "case-house," the squalor of Florence's silver sty, the squalor of the pension in Brussels. The cast has been shrewdly chosen. I would not have foreseen in Mr. Kennett Kent a likely portrayer of Ike, but his performance is superb in mask as in manner. Mr. Gielgud, replacing Mr. Coward, gives ugly pride and petulance along with the right sensibility to Lewis Dodd, and Miss Edna Best meets the challenge of tragedy with the utmost restraining judgment and complete emotional success. In the thankless part of Florence, Miss Cathleen Nesbitt is genuine ice and in the minor parts are players like Miss Helen Spencer, Miss Mary Clare, Miss Marie Ney, Mr. Harold Scott, and Mr. Aubrey Mather, all of whom could be doing larger things, yet fill their corners with punctilious fitness. 'The Constant Nymph' is a producer's as well as an author's victory, and at Hampstead, in a much inferior play, there is further reminder that stage-craft can do something with nothing. The company contains cleverness and contains it in a setting very well designed.

MUSIC

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE most interesting thing in this month's lists is the complete recording of Schubert's Trio in B flat (Opus 99), played by Cortôt, Thibaud and Casals. These records do the greatest credit to the Gramophone Company, for they are almost perfect from start to finish and the pianoforte, whose tone as a reproducing instrument is always assisted by combination with strings, sounds admirable. The work itself is full of lovely things and one is astonished that it is not more frequently performed in the concert-hall. The slow movement has that combination of gracefulness and sensuous beauty which we rarely find outside the works of Mozart, and alone should ensure the popularity of the work. As to the performance, I need only say that it is fully worthy of the fine artists who have recorded it. Altogether this is one of the best sets of chamber-music records which have been issued. The remainder of the Gramophone Company's list is of no great interest. Miss Evelyn Scotney has recorded 'Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata' and 'Non mi dir' from 'Don Giovanni.' Miss Scotney sings the two airs with a sort of mechanical perfection, so far as the notes go, and with a rather hard, metallic tone. Elvira's air is severely cut, presumably in order to get it on to one record. That is more forgivable than the fact that at the end of both airs Miss Scotney has altered what Mozart wrote, in order to show off her high notes, which are not of a quality to justify the sacrifice of the beautiful cadence at the end of 'Non mi dir.' Miss Irene Scharrer gives excellent performances of three sonatas by Scarlatti and a Toccata by Paradies, but the reproduction of the pianoforte tone is as usual far from faithful. A record made by the Royal Opera Orchestra, under Mr. Eugene Goossens, contains two lively marches, Schubert's 'Marche Militaire' and Berlioz's 'Marche Hongroise,' and among the lighter things is a very good piece of singing by the Revellers in that hard-worked tune 'Valencia.'

The Columbia Company have concentrated their efforts on Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. It is a daring thing to have undertaken, for it is a work that rarely "comes off" even in the concert-hall, and what chance has it in a reproduction? It is naturally to the last movement that one turns first to see what the gramophone makes of this strangely sublime music which is for ever in danger of falling into the pit of bathos. The result must be called a magnificent failure. For the magic that is in the music escapes the microphone, except in the slow section ('Seid umschlungen Millionen'), where for a moment it is recaptured. The solo quartet is as ill-balanced as it unfortunately is at most performances. There seem to be no singers nowadays who can tackle this extremely exacting music. The chorus sings admirably and, except in the climaxes, is recorded with astonishing clearness. The first three movements are excellent specimens of the latest recording, though the slow movement is disappointing. The wonderful passage for horns ought to come out a good deal better. The work is conducted by Felix Weingartner and it is a good thing that his reading of the symphony should have been recorded for the benefit of future generations. For Weingartner is almost the last exponent of the old tradition of conducting, and does not interpose his own personality between the composer and his audience. He fulfils the two essential duties of the conductor, demanded by Wagner—that of giving the right time and that of finding out where the tune lies. Because he does not pull the music about and "interpret" it, he has been criticized for lack of vitality. But listen carefully to these records and you will hear a hundred little details, which show his un-failing watchfulness over the balance and phrasing.

H.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- * The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- * Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.
- * Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

AN EXCELLENT NEW METHOD TO ASSURE THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS

SIR,—The disinterested readiness of the *Daily Mail* to forgo the privileges accorded by the Post Office to the Press, commented upon by you in your last issue, makes me hopeful of a favourable reception in that powerful and seemingly unlikely quarter for a scheme of very real benefit to journalists and to the public.

It is obvious that the more powerful and widespread a newspaper becomes, the less it has to consider the real opinion of the public. For the public do not know each other, and only learn what they are supposed to think through the medium of the Press. Let us assume that a London newspaper initiates a new policy in a leading article. Next day's post brings a thousand letters from different parts of the country condemning that policy, and a hundred approving it. The newspaper consigns the unfavourable letters to the wastepaper basket, and publishes the hundred favourable ones as specimens of "the thousands of letters in support which we have received," etc. The people who have written adversely do not, of course, know each other, and not seeing their letters in print, each concludes that he is merely a solitary voice crying in the wilderness. Thus, public opinion is and may be manufactured by an organ circulating through a wide area.

But if the area is limited, say to a county, and the readers know not only each other but the editorial staff, clearly the newspaper is bound to present the true views of its particular area so far as these can be ascertained. Any attempt to distort that opinion would be detected. It follows, in my view, that to secure a true expression of public opinion the big newspaper must be abolished, and its place taken by a multitude of smaller local organs. Virtually, I suppose, I am pleading for a powerful development of the county and borough Press.

This could be achieved by a simple expedient. Let it be enacted that every newspaper sold outside the county in which it is set up and printed must bear a sixpenny stamp. This proposal will, I am sure, appeal to the *Daily Mail*. It will mean a considerable increase in the revenue (for everybody, of course, will be willing to pay sevenpence for the *Daily Mail*) and it will find employment for thousands of journalists and printers. Incidentally, too, it will help the small country trader, whose potential customers will no longer be dazzled by the costly advertisements of his London rivals. And, above all, my scheme will ensure, I am convinced, a truer expression of public opinion than can be found in huge newspapers which reflect the bias and the interests of single individuals or corporations.

I am, etc.,

F. D.

PRINCE FEISAL AND THE LONDON MOSQUE

SIR,—I have seen your note about Prince Feisal's inability to attend the opening ceremony of the London Mosque, published in your issue dated October 9. You say: "The truth is that Sultan Ibn Saud was only at the eleventh hour made fully aware of the doctrines of the Ahmadis." May I re-

quest you kindly to throw some light on the basis of this positive assertion? Sultan Ibin Saud himself says in a cable that "prohibiting Feisal was owing to his reading 'Alihram, Cairo,' quoting *Morning Post*, that mosque is worship place for all religions and not muslims mosque."

The King's Foreign Secretary and the Emir told us that there was nothing wrong in attending the ceremony, and regretted very much the misunderstanding. In the letter of regret the Secretary said: "Both His Highness and myself wish all success to yourself, and all prosperity and blessings to the great Mosque. We pray God to crown your works with success." You say also that the Emir's opening the "mosque dedicated to a different sect would have been tantamount to discrediting the doctrines of Nejd." Are the above words of their letter, according to your theory, not sufficient to discredit the doctrines of Nejd? Moreover the mosque is not dedicated to any particular sect, as explained in my speech. It is dedicated to God and God alone, because a mosque in the Islamic terminology means "a house of God."

As to your clever and cautious statement of our beliefs: "The Ahmadis believe that their spiritual leader was, to all intents and purposes, a prophet, and his revelations nothing short of the last edition of the Koran," I must say that we do regard the founder of our community as a Prophet and the Promised Messiah whose advent is awaited by all the sects of Islam; but according to the Holy Quran there are two kinds of prophets: those who bring a law and those who serve a law. Prophet Ahmad belonged to the latter class. We do not believe that the Holy Quran has several editions. It has only one edition, and that is the Holy Quran, which is sacred to every Muslim in the world. And this is the most perfect and final dispensation for all mankind. The Holy Prophet Mohammad (peace be on him) was the last Law-giver for humanity.

I hope you will be kind enough to publish these few lines in your esteemed journal, so that there may be no misunderstanding.

I am, etc.,

A. R. DARD
The Imam

The London Mosque,
63 Melrose Road, S.W.18

[Our remarks were based on information obtained from a very high authority.—Ed. S.R.]

BRITAIN'S LOST CHANCE IN THE BALKANS

SIR,—Since the inception of the policy of Italo-British political co-operation, a great chance for the spreading of British influence and friendship with the Balkan States—surely a useful factor in maintaining European peace—has been thrown away.

Signor Mussolini is now endeavouring to realize his ambitions of expansion in the Adriatic by rigging up the Balkan States in an Italian orientation designed to bring pressure upon Jugo-Slavia by the simple process of ensuring her political isolation in the Balkans. French diplomacy, on the other hand, has replied in the form of M. Briand's move at Geneva to bring about a Jugoslav, Hungarian, Bulgarian *rapprochement*, based on the old Gladstonian principle of "The Balkans for the Balkan peoples," and meaning in effect the frustration of the Duce's plan for the Italian hegemony of the Balkans.

Britain, finding it convenient to her general European policy to cultivate the friendship and co-operation of one strong power like Italy in preference to a number of smaller States like the Balkans, appears to be more or less indifferent to Italy's Balkan ambitions. It has been left to France—whose motives are mixed ones—to carry out the policy which was inceptioned in principle in England at the time of Gladstone. In these circumstances it is idle to complain, as so many Britishers do complain, that the smaller European

States are in the French orbit of influence. We have only ourselves to blame if, for reasons of practical policy best known to the Foreign Office, we have let our own opportunity slip into the hands of the Quai d'Orsay.

At the same time some good is coming out of it all. M. Nintchitch, the conciliatory Jugoslav Foreign Minister, while maintaining friendly official relations with Italy is exploring carefully and cautiously the best avenues for a *rapprochement* with Hungary and Bulgaria. Official Sofia and Budapest desire such a *rapprochement* although it is doubtful if intransigents like the Macaedo-Bulgar-Komitadjis and the Hungarian awakening Magyars will let the politicians move very quickly.

Still, it seems a pity that Whitehall has not been more alive to the good opportunities for co-operation in building a permanent peace which it seems, for the present at least, to have lost.

I am, etc.,

J. MALONEY-SHEA LAMBE

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL AND COVENT GARDEN

SIR,—I am informed on good authority that more than seventy-five per cent. of the produce sold at Covent Garden Market comes from the south side of the Thames. Some authorities have put the figure at over eighty per cent. If this is the case, what is the good of moving Covent Garden Market further away from the Thames bridges but still on the north side of the river?

If this figure is not correct, cannot the Covent Garden Market authorities give an authoritative one to show that the majority of the produce sold there does not have to cross the Thames and so add to the congestion of the cross-river traffic?

I am, etc.,

ARTHUR M. WHITE

[We would refer our correspondent to Mr. D. S. MacColl's article on p. 462 of this issue.—Ed. S.R.]

CHANNEL SWIMMING "RECORDS"

SIR,—It seems that all the recent swimmers of the Channel never had any properly appointed officials on their tugs, so I cannot see how any of their times can be accepted for the record books, as they amount to

(Continued overleaf.)

THE SKY'S TOO FULL

By ELIZABETH BIBESCO

THE sky's too full for mortal to discover
A little star that privately will shine,
If you are love then I will be no lover,
Taking from you the glory that was mine.

You took my secret, but you did not know it
—Secrets will die in alien custody—
If you are poetry I am no poet,
For I disdain your stolen melody.

A thief of suns and moons and stars that dangles
Misleading glitter before empty minds,
Your greedy soul will grasp the golden spangles
Lovers and poets scatter to the winds.

Yet you are poetry and love and passion,
And that fulfilment which is called despair,
The grinding force that still must fate and fashion
Each falling fancy floating on the air.

For you are love and I alas! I know it,
And you the poetry I could not smother,
And that my love is why I am no poet,
And that my love is why I am no lover.

(Continued from p. 469)

nothing but private trials with friends only on the tugs.

If this is so, it will be very unfair for future swimmers who will be followed on their tugs by properly appointed expert officials to have these unofficial times accepted as records for the Channel. In athletics, no record performance is accepted unless it is made in public with properly appointed expert officials, and there ought to be the same rule for swimmers of the Channel.

I am, etc.,

JAMES MONEY KYRLE LUPTON
London Athletic Club

A CORRECTION

SIR,—In your issue of Saturday, October 9, appears a long review of 'Psychology and Education,' for which we thank you. Your reviewer states that this is the latest volume to appear in the International Library of Psychology and Philosophy. This, however, is not the case. The volume appears outside the Series as an independent book.

We are, etc.,

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER & CO., LTD.
Broadway House, 68-74 Carter Lane, E.C.4

SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE

SIR,—Their Majesties The King and Queen have expressed their intention of being present at the Shakespeare Matinee at Drury Lane Theatre on November 9, and those concerned in the arrangements are very much hoping that there will be a really representative house present to greet their Majesties on this historic occasion.

With this object in view we have devised a scheme which enables the public to compete for the boxes. We hope that large numbers of your readers will take part. The following is the form of competition:

Think out your own reason for wanting a box at the Shakespeare Matinee; put it into the neatest possible words (not more than thirty, whether in prose or verse) and send your entry to the Organizer, Royal Shakespeare Matinee, 8 Quadrant Arcade, Regent Street, W.1. before November 1.

Each entry should be accompanied by 2s. 6d. as a donation to the fund, and the entries will be judged by Dame Ellen Terry and Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson.

The support of your readers is earnestly desired.

I am, etc.,

MARJORIE R. VERDEN,
Organizer—Royal Shakespeare Matinee
Shakespeare Memorial Theatre

P's AND Q's

(PROBLEMS AND QUESTIONS.)

At various times our readers have suggested that the SATURDAY REVIEW should provide them with a medium for the exchange of information, literary, historic, antiquarian, etc. We have therefore opened a column under the above heading through which readers can seek the co-operation of others in the solution of genuine problems falling within these categories. Queries of a kind the answer to which can be obtained by reference to the nearest popular encyclopædia or dictionary of quotations cannot be admitted. Brevity is recommended.

SIR,—The "M. T." of Mrs. Gaskell's life of Charlotte Brontë was, as most people know, Mary Taylor, who was also the inspiration of Rose Yorke in 'Shirley.' She went to New Zealand, and was associated with the life there in the 'forties. She returned to England and died here. I want, if pos-

sible, to trace her descendants or those who have some record of her later life.

I wonder if any one of your readers could help me in this direction?

H. B.

SIR,—Some years ago I remember reading a poem which contained the following lines, so far as I can recollect them (I cannot guarantee literal accuracy):

While the sons of debate to indulgence give way,
And slumber the pride of their hours,
Let us, my dear Stella, the garden survey,
And make our remarks on the flowers.

I should be glad if you or any of your readers could help me to trace the original.

M. K. HUDSON

SIR,—Can any of your readers inform me when and at what place the first telephone was installed in this country?

T. C. NEWBOLT

"TWAS IN TRAFALGAR'S BAY"

SIR,—The above words comprise the first line of the aria to the song entitled 'The Death of Nelson,' the words of which are by S. J. Arnold and the music by Brahms.

B. BUCKINGHAM

HIGH BROW

SIR,—The expression occurs in a small book entitled 'The Rules of Good Deportment,' which was published in Edinburgh in 1720. A sentence in the volume runs as follows: "A high brow or proud behaviour, whether in gesture or speech, is insupportable clownishness."

MARY WILSON

"LOOK TO YOUR MOAT"

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. T. R. Cuthbertson, will find the famous phrase "Look to your Moat" in 'A Rough Draft of a New Model at Sea,' by Sir George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, known as "The Trimmer." This fine piece of writing ought to be better known than it is, especially to a people who are so dependent on the sea as we are.

W. N. COURT

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—34

SET BY D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best imaginary conversation between Mr. Drage and St. Francis of Assisi. Competitors are reminded that there is a law of libel.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best letter from a Jane Austen heroine to her mamma, on being abducted by a Sheik in the Great Arabian Desert. Letters must not exceed 250 words in length.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week's LITERARY 34a, or LITERARY 34a).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for

competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold one or more prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, November 1, 1926. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITION 32

SET BY J. C. SQUIRE

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best sonnet on Autumn, containing neither the letter "s" nor the letter "e."

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best set of social notes (mentioning no real persons), not exceeding 250 words, from a newspaper, the notes to convey, as far as possible, information of a discreditable character to those in the know, without being crude or libellous.

We have received the following report from Mr. J. C. Squire, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. J. C. SQUIRE

32A. They recoiled: but *pour mieux sauter*. The task was difficult, but though some of them tried to get their own back by reviling the setter of the subject in the prescribed fourteen lines, a large number of readers entered. Some failed by a short head to fulfil the conditions. Discretion was not so discreet as to notice a single offending "the," and Marion Peacock, otherwise good, hoped in vain when she hoped to pass muster with "quiv'ring"; an "e" elided is none the less an "e." The very general adoption of the spelling "gray" for the more usual "grey" was an example of the more legitimate kind of ingenuity.

All sorts of amusement was afforded by the entries. The "rowan" tree suddenly leapt into favouritism, and there was scarcely a sonnet which did not rhyme to "gold." Though in the end one could not help being glad that English did not lack the two precluded letters, there was undoubtedly an effect produced by the better sonnets, peculiar and even charming, which indicated regions which poets are still to explore. Some writers were rather tied up. Toko reached the end of a pleasant sonnet with the gasping couplet:

Happy and couchant I by blazing log,
With loving wife and Jock, my faithful dog.

L. F. wrote agreeable lines, the nature of which is indicated by the concluding two:

Autumn, thou'rt fair—with good King Coal to warm—
But, lacking him, I'll not acclaim thy charm.

Others who did well were A. A. Le M. S., Crabbed Age, Ruth Crook, J. W. Pepper, P. R. Laird, M. R. Williamson, H. B. R., R. M. S., and Alice Herbert. The prize lay ultimately between Etasigma, Helen, and J. H. A. S. Helen was witty about the subject, and ended eloquently with:

Now, awful lyric, crazy madrigal—
By Dictionary out of Mania got—
To an unnatural birth our bard will call,
For thy affliction caring not a jot.

But ah! Thy fog our foggy brain will fit,
And falling branch accord with falling wit.

Etasigma contrived to get a real rural atmosphere into his lines, the smell of wet lanes and the vision of hazel trees. The first prize, however, because of his combined smoothness and sense, goes to J. H. A. S.

Etasigma gets second prize.

THE WINNING SONNET

Night falling and cloud frowning in my mind;
Without, night falling and an autumnal mood
Clouding in mournful fog a fading wood,
And troubling all with an unruly wind.
Nothing within, nothing without I find
But drift and turmoil mingling ill and good,
Glory in ruin, a world in widowhood,
And cold oblivion making pity blind.

Vainly I long, who watch dull day go down,
And morning void of colour and warmth unfold,
To hail that phantom with a flaming crown,
That pilgrim Autumn, who would oft of old
Wrap my chill fancy in a cloak of brown
And all my parching woodland turn to gold.

J. H. A. S.

SECOND PRIZE

Pitch camp, dark Romany, within our wood;
On twig and thorn hang now thy cloak of gold,
With nut and briar trim thy ruby hood,
Look to thy patchwork, that thy quilting hold,
And to thy pillow, that it hath not prick
Nor burr nor awn to mock thy calm at night;
And to thy lamp, that it hath oil and wick,
Or bid a glow-worm rim thy path with light.
On hawthorn hook hang up thy ruby gown,
Box up thy brooch in walnut pith or cob,
And wrap thy ladyhood in airy down,
And guard thy fruit-board from the prying hob,
But charm not thou my ploughman, who would borrow
Romany luck to cut our crop to-morrow.

ETASIGMA

32B. This competition was not so successful. Either readers shrink from offensiveness, even against the non-existent, or they are unfamiliar with the social columns of the newspapers. Even among the papers sent in there were some which betrayed a complete unfamiliarity with their supposed models. One had hoped for some genuine satire of present social occupations and the present journalistic attitude: even for some amusing play with names. Alas, most of the entries were flat, and even the best were not good. One may mildly commend M. M. M., P. R. Laird, and Evelyn Waugh; the prize, *faute de mieux* (if this be not offensive) goes to G. M. Graham. No second prize is given.

THE WINNING ENTRY

Lunching yesterday at the Ritz, I recognized several well-known people.

General Bluff was at his table in the corner, and it was pleasant to see his florid countenance again. Indeed, his complexion is, if anything, more rubicund than ever, and one infers that his holiday in Scotland has been spent in the usual manner.

At another table, Lord and Lady Clumber were lunching with that frugality which not only characterizes their meals when they lunch out together, but also, as their many friends can testify, lends a certain *je ne sais quoi* to their dinner-parties. In spite of his little economies in food, Lord Clumber is generous to a fault in other directions, and of late his gifts have frequently been the subject of comment. Lady Clumber joined her husband in town two days ago.

Miss Tiara Bangle sailed for America in the *Imperious* three days ago.

I met the Rev. Francis Dutt in Piccadilly, and he told me that at the request of many friends, he was taking a long-needed rest. The news will be hailed with much satisfaction by his congregation. (Some anxiety as to his health was beginning to be felt.)

In Bond Street I met Lady Evergreen with her daughter Rose, and offered my congratulations on the latter's engagement. Rose blushed prettily as she accepted my compliments. Lady Evergreen smiled her thanks, and, though she did not change colour like her daughter, she seemed pleased.

G. M. GRAHAM

COMPETITION 31B

AN APOLOGY

We have received the following letter from the setter of Competition 31B. Below it we print the entry which, by the amended award, gains second prize. We offer our apologies to competitors for the misjudgment.

SIR,—As several readers of the SATURDAY have pointed out, after in last week's number denouncing, nay, excommunicating, Rally for making Mrs. Proudie survive her husband, I proceeded to recommend for the first prize an entry beginning, "The demise of the widow of the late Bishop Proudie . . ." It is true that Mr. Box smuggled into a phrase an error expanded by Rally to a paragraph. But my only excuse must be: "Pure carelessness, sir, pure carelessness."

May I, belatedly, recommend that the first prize be given to Non Omnia; the second to Mr. Lester Ralph? And may I beg you to convey to Mr. Box my most sincere apologies for elevating him to a platform only to degrade him to a pillory, and to request him to accept, by way of consolation, a cheap edition of the Barchester Novels, that he may learn therefrom that Mrs. Proudie did not live to be a widow?

I am, etc.,

H. C. HARWOOD

SECOND PRIZE

In lamenting the decease of our late sister in the Lord, Mrs. Proudie, I feel it incumbent on myself, but recently *emeritus* from the same diocesan fold, to extend my condolence to the wide, if evangelically somewhat restricted, sphere that revolved about the Cathedral, the Chapter and the wife of his Lordship, the Bishop of Barchester. Seldom can an ecclesiastical community have been so trustfully dependent upon a single personality; rarely, if ever, has a man owed more to the wife of his bosom than the Bishop, whose seat in the Upper Chamber was the last reward of her energy and adroitness.

To the relict of such a woman no better solace can be offered than the sweet message of resignation inculcated by Holy Writ: "The Lord hath given; the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord"; and blessed, too, we trust, the present state of His handmaiden. This was the cross laid upon him by that Inscrutable Wisdom which shapes our lives to ends so different from those mapped out by ourselves; and if he finds too little consolation in the elaborate ritual distinctive of Barchester, and the musical, if meretricious, accompaniment that adorns it, as a humble labourer in the sterner vineyard of the Metropolis, perhaps I may be permitted to indicate the depths of consolation to be drawn from the well of Evangelical endeavour.

How thoroughly the whole of Barchester must be affected by the withdrawal from its domestic and ecclesiastical affairs of an influence so potent, and occasionally so arbitrary, none knows better than myself; nor can anyone pray more earnestly for some angel's wing to trouble the surface of its waters, more placid now than ever, ere stagnation becomes complete.

LESTER RALPH

REVIEWS

MR. SHANKS

By T. EARLE WELBY

Collected Poems. By Edward Shanks. Collins. 7s. 6d.

The Beggar's Ride. By Edward Shanks. Collins. 5s.

Edward Shanks. (A Selection). Augustan Poets Series. Benn. 6d.

WITH the publication of his 'Collected Poems' Mr. Edward Shanks has reached a stage in his career at which it would be grossly impertinent to dole out to him advice of the kind with which reviewers are so generous in dealing with young poets. Here is the work of sixteen or seventeen years, as much of it as Mr. Shanks cares to preserve, a mass of work not very great in bulk, but substantial enough; and it is gathered together now, I suppose, because its author feels that he has done almost all that he could with his initial impulse, his original material. He has produced but little lyrical verse during the last two years, and would seem to be at pause between the gust which has carried him so far and that impulse which will determine his future. His attitude, it may be assumed, is one of wise passivity. He will not anticipate the new impulse, nor will he insist on working on the mere memory of the old.

Very few poets in our, or any, period have been more definitely disinclined to lash themselves into a poetic rage. There is in all Mr. Shanks's poetry an unusual honesty, an unusual willingness to accept the emotional facts of his situation without straining after greater intensity. He is not emulative, does not feel it incumbent on him to profess to be more moved by this or that fact of nature, this or that human tragedy, than he actually is. He is responsive to beauty and strangeness, else he were no poet, but his response is not reckless, and he will not pretend that it is. He shows us in his poetry how a nature, sensitive enough, but not to be inflamed by every provocation, can answer, in its deliberate, discriminating way, to the challenge of the loveliness of the visible world and of human passion, and is content, it would appear, to have us say, if we so choose, that the response of other poets is more instant and more eager.

He has attained, not at once, but with much less than the customary delay, a recognized position among the verse writers of his day, and he has done so without any concession to the fashions of the hour. Chronologically, he is a Georgian poet, but, except for a few allusions and a few quite superficial indications of period, he might pass for Edwardian or late Victorian. He deals neither in the archaic nor in futurism, disdains stunts, is neither servile to tradition nor defiant of it, and writes like one well aware of the truth that in poetry there is an undying but continually modified tradition.

It has happened to many poets before Mr. Shanks to be valued, ultimately, less for their most ambitious than for their slighter work. The persons who write articles for encyclopædias may assure us that Mr. Robert Bridges is the author of 'Eros and Psyche,' and of the dramas and of the fine sonnet-sequence, but we others impertinently think of him as the author of a score of lyrics included in 'Shorter Poems.' So also some of us, at any rate at present, think of Mr. Shanks chiefly as the poet of certain small poems. Take this 'Song for an Unwritten Play':

The moon's a drowsy fool to-night,
 Wrapped in fleecy clouds and white;
 And all the while Endymion
 Sleeps on Latmos top alone.

Not a single star is seen;
 They are gathered round their queen,
 Keeping vigil by her bed,
 Patient and unwearied.

Now the poet drops his pen
 And moves about like other men:
 Tom O' Bedlam now is still
 And sleeps beneath the hawthorn'd hill.

Only the Latmian shepherd deems
 Something missing from his dreams
 And tosses as he sleeps alone.
 Alas, alas, Endymion!

It is, if you like, a slight thing, but of a delicate perfection not easily to be overpraised. And there are other slight things in the poetry of Mr. Shanks which, to my mind at least, must be preferred to his ampler, graver pieces, finely wrought as many of these last are.

It was one of the most valuable of the few precious sayings of Rossetti about poetry that it should be "amusing"; and this amusingness seems to me, at any rate, to be, if not confined to the slighter pieces of Mr. Shanks, much commoner there. Casualness, whimsicality, freakishness, adventurousness, to be sure, are not among the highest poetical qualities, but neither is a seriousness which is not passionate, and as I turn the pages of Mr. Shanks's 'Collected Poems,' with respect always, with admiration very often, I find myself, very likely through my incorrigible levity, wishing that he would oftener be willing to go where a chance wind blows him. An idle wish, no doubt, for a poet must write as his temperament decrees: I do but record a personal, and it may be an unworthy, desire to see Mr. Shanks rather oftener at the mercy of the moment's suggestions and of the demands of the tune. If the attitude, never ungraceful, were often accidental, if the music, nearly always carefully concerted, were oftener an improvisation.

Much nonsense is written of originality in poetry, as if books were not a very real part of life to poets, as if irresponsiveness to other poets were not bound to be accompanied by irresponsiveness to nature and humanity. Mr. Shanks is original in the true sense, but is far from being shut up in a world of his own into which no influence enters. He imitates no one, and rebels against no one, but one or two of his war poems quite legitimately acknowledge that Mr. A. E. Housman is among the phenomena of which a contemporary poet must take cognizance, and one or two other pieces do as much for Mr. Robert Bridges. But in the new play, 'The Beggar's Ride,' there is much more than this kind of acknowledgment; there is a pervasive, though nowhere very strong, flavour of Flecker, of the Flecker of 'Hassan.' Mr. Shanks is so very far from being in the ordinary sense an imitator that one casts about for an explanation, and the present reviewer can only suppose that Mr. Shanks regards Flecker as by now part of the material out of which an oriental play of this sort should be made. If that be his view, we need not quarrel with it. A play of Flecker's east need not be inferior to a play of the East as it exists outside the mind of Flecker. This play, certainly, has none of the language that would have resulted from a weak reliance on a predecessor. It has energy, and in certain scenes comes nearer to strictly dramatic success than Flecker did. Its characters, Leo, the suddenly degraded Chancellor, his friend Aaron, Jacob, the beggar, and others, are drawn firmly, and they speak, in a severer language than Flecker used, out of something deeper than the impulses of the moment.

The climax of the play is the speech of Jacob the beggar over the dead bodies of David and Helena:

What have I done? What have I killed? Oh once,
 How long ago, who knows, in my own breast
 I slew the fair fore-semblance of this brightness,
 Unmeaning then as now. A curse was mounted
 Upon my shoulders when I first was man
 That rides me still. Is this a dream, perhaps?
 An image of the life I might have had,
 If double-edged chance in my own hand
 Had not destroyed it.

But some readers may feel that they have not been fully prepared for the revelation of the inner significance of this character or of the play.

Mr. Shanks, there is good reason for thinking, is at pause before some new development of his fine and scrupulously cultivated talent. Where that will take him, in drama, in a broader kind of lyrical verse, it would be hazardous to predict. But of this we may be certain, that he will not go with either any clique or with the throng, and that his choice of direction will be deliberate. Meanwhile we have before us a body of work which, as it owes none of its success to fashion, will survive change of fashion. Others to-day have more startling things to tell us, others hurry after beauty more impetuously, but no poet of the younger generation is more constantly loyal to himself and to his art.

RACING STORIES

The Sport of Kings. By Ralph Nevill.
 Methuen. 16s.

WHATEVER views we may hold about betting, there can be no doubt at all that if it is abolished, or taxed out of existence, the literature of horse-racing will be very much the poorer for it. Nearly all the best racing stories are in some way or other connected with this expensive and deleterious practice. Half the quaint "characters" that the sport attracts, both on the course and on the grand-stand, would not, one suspects, be there at all if they were not allowed to bet. There is something about the fierce excitement of this form of gambling that brings out personal idiosyncrasies with most vivid and unstudied effects.

From that mighty gambler, Charles James Fox—who devoutly believed that if a man attended every race-meeting in England and backed his fancy heavily enough, that was a method "of acquiring a certain fortune"—to the present day there has never been any lack of punters to keep the Ring in countenance. Yet Mr. Ralph Nevill, who knows what he is talking about, does not think that "any plunger has ever succeeded in increasing his fortune owing to the success of his wagers." He has many stories to tell of them. There was Lord Rockingham, the well-known Whig, who in 1770 bet five hundred guineas that five of his geese would beat a similar number of Lord Orford's turkeys in a walking match. There was "Jubilee Juggins," the Victorian spendthrift, who, when not betting on horses, would lose large sums by challenging professional billiards champions to play him on level terms. We have nobody quite so "sporting" now.

About horse racing Mr. Nevill thinks the public is altogether wiser than it was in those early days; people are more careful how and with whom they bet. The Press has a lot to answer for. A few of the old-fashioned tipsters, however, are still going strong and figure in Mr. Nevill's amusing portrait gallery. Among owners there was Mr. James Baird, who presented the Church of Scotland with £200,000—"the biggest premium in the way of fire insurance ever paid"—and was thereupon wagered by another Scottish owner, Mr. Merry, that he could not tell the difference between the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. One is glad to record that Mr. Merry lost. Mr. Nevill has an inexhaustible flow of such stories, and tells them, with much humour, in a rather stiff, old-fashioned but attractive way of his own.

THE HUMAN CURZON

Leaves from a Viceroy's Note-Book. By the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. Macmillan. 28s.

TOWARDS the end of his life Lord Curzon began to reveal to the public what not everyone among his friends had perceived, the vein of humour, the streak of irresponsibility, in a nature somewhat deliberately aloof, often pompous, and almost always very conscious of the obligations imposed by the possession of great talents. In stories of travel and other productions he confessed without embarrassment, and indeed with an unexpected glee, that the itinerant student of Eastern affairs had occasionally hoaxed the potentates who were his hosts, and that he had relished not a few jests against himself. Now that we are given a further and welcome instalment of his posthumous works, we feel disposed to emphasize its lighter aspects rather than to dwell on what in it recalls the Under-Secretary who lectured the House of Commons or the Viceroy who cultivated so much grandeur.

The very first paper in this highly miscellaneous book tells the story of how, visiting Portuguese India in solemn state, Lord Curzon relieved the tedium of a banquet at which hosts and guests understood nothing of each other's speeches by a peroration in Portuguese. During dinner he had discovered that the lady on his right knew English, had supplied her secretly with the text of his concluding sentences, and had swiftly memorized her translation. Rejoicing, behind a mask of immense gravity, in bluff of this kind, Lord Curzon was indulgent to harmless imposture by others. Thus he retained in his service in Indian days the British valet who several times allowed himself to be mistaken for an important official, if not for the Viceroy. It was this valet who, with Lady Curzon's maid, landed in a State barge, amid the plaudits of the people of Cochin, while the Viceroy and Lady Curzon were set ashore more safely with much less public notice. There are other good stories about him, but there are even more about the native petitioners who constantly addressed the most astonishing appeals to the Viceroy. Some of the best came from that wonderful unconscious humorist, the Indian student who has failed in some academic test. He who described himself as "an abandoned and cursed child of alma mater, who in her infantile had refused to admit him into her favour" was well enough, but attained not to the *curiosa felicitas* of the petitioner who assured Lord Curzon that his means were "circumcized by his large family." There are also recorded in these pages some pleasing inscriptions of welcome on triumphal arches, the happiest one in which several languages were blended; and there is an agreeable story of a ruler in the Far East, much exposed to European visitors, who terminated all interviews within a minute by asking whether his visitor spoke French and then professing either complete ignorance of that language or inability to speak any other.

But we must not convey the impression that Lord Curzon's memories are chiefly of the odd and absurd experiences of his Viceroyalty. We have him here in all his moods, in the full range of his interests, as the young traveller who visits the monasteries of the Levant in the footsteps of his namesake, as the specialist in Oriental politics who examines on the spot the problems of the North-western frontier of India or those of Korea, as Viceroy, and as the lover of antiquities and of wild scenery. The long paper on Chitral is a good example of his ability to weave together the knowledge he acquired as a private visitor and that which afterwards came to him in an exalted official position, and to deduce from a particular case the general principles which should govern British policy towards outlying Arctic States. Incidentally it shows that Lord Curzon could fully appreciate the

pleasanter characteristics of a wild people without glossing over what was vicious. He had indeed a remarkable gift for understanding Asiatic character, but with it a disconcerting inability to forecast popular sentiment. There can hardly ever have been a British administrator in the East who could more accurately sum up the qualities and defects of those whom he governed or be less depended upon to judge how the populace would respond to a particular action of his. Every one of the agitations which he provoked during his term in India took him more or less by surprise, and his knowledge was of curiously little use to him at the most critical moments of his career.

This book is not, we understand, the last selection that we are to have from the multifarious writings for which Lord Curzon made time; but it is unlikely that any further volume will exhibit half so well the talents and limitations of that tireless searcher into every by-way of Oriental history and politics. Nor is it probable that any other book for which material may exist will prove so acceptable to the general reader. For here, and to this we return, is a very human Curzon, alive to the intrusions of comedy and farce into solemn ceremonial, and almost as eager to trace the history of polo (in doing which, however, he overlooked the existence of the tablet in an Assam club, seen by the present reviewer and to him at least conclusive, which fixes the date of the first British participation in the game) as to map the course of policy in the East. No other man could have written these papers, and they deepen our sense of the loss the Empire suffered in his death.

MR. HUXLEY IN SEARCH OF TRUTH

Jesting Pilate: the Diary of a Journey. By Aldous Huxley. Chatto and Windus. 16s.

IT is always an event of some interest when a writer, distinguished in other fields, produces a travel book. Most of them do it in the end; but there is a tendency to leave too much of their spiritual luggage behind them in Fleet Street—to start a chapter, for instance, on the sound of frogs croaking beneath your bedroom window in Malaya, and to be reminded immediately of the monotonous stupidity of book-reviewers and dramatic critics and to go on with that burning topic to the end of the chapter without having remembered to say another word about the Malayan frogs. But Mr. Huxley writes real travel books. This is his second venture, and it may be said at once that it more than fulfils the promise of the first. It has, moreover, a special interest of its own. It would appear that Mr. Huxley is—or was—an enthusiastic Liberal. One had not somehow thought of him in that character, but his full confession is here. He is, he tells us, "a Liberal, with prejudices in favour of freedom and self-determination." And again: "My prejudices happen to be in favour of democracy, self-determination, and all the rest of it." One doubts whether he called them "prejudices," even to himself, before he started on his travels—but of that later. Elsewhere he is "Fabian and mildly Labourite."

With such prepossessions Mr. Huxley set out on his tour round the world, his first objective being the All-India Congress at Cawnpore. Somewhere in Kashmir he saw some coolies pulling a wagon, and averted his eyes from the spectacle of men "in the performance of a labour which, even for beasts, is cruel and humiliating." He met one or two unpleasant whites—a commercial traveller who treated educated natives with insolent rudeness. In a thoroughly "liberal" frame of mind he arrives at the Congress. It is held in a crowded tent. The speech-making continues daily for nine consecutive hours, and the Congress goes on for days and days. Mr. Huxley sits on the platform with the Nationalist leaders and, as most of the speeches are in languages which he cannot un-

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derstand, he has plenty of time for thought. He soon decides that "personally I have little use for political speaking." Especially, he might have added, with such an inattentive audience, for the sound of conversation never ceases and is loudest of all when Mahatma Gandhi speaks. "I begin to wonder whether it isn't entirely a waste of time." "Their [the Indian leaders'] principles may be democratic, but their instincts remain profoundly aristocratic." "They desire, theoretically, to see the country 'progressing' in the Western sense of the term; but the practical ambition of most of them is to secure a quiet job without responsibilities or risks." "That the lower-caste masses would suffer, at the beginning in any case, from a return to Indian autonomy seems almost indubitable." Curious that Liberals never think of these things before they go abroad!

From Cawnpore Mr. Huxley continues his tour southward, dropping comments sometimes wise and nearly always witty as he goes. Indian music has been over-rated; Indian artists to-day are "mostly patriotic amateurs who thought that modern India ought to have a national art of its own and had set out to create it." Then Malaya. Mr. Huxley suggests that the real reason why competent professional artists so seldom attempt to paint tropical scenery is that they know it to be "intrinsically unpaintable," and he puts up a good case for that view. Finally America, the home of equality and self-determination and "all the rest of it"—and the worst disillusionment of all. Mr. Huxley is much franker about America than most literary men who have substantial sales there. But then frankness of speech is one of his chief merits. He has no use for the kind of Puritan—our English censor of plays, for instance—who will tolerate any display of legs, but insists upon actors "wearing the fig-leaf over the mouth." He says:

The democratic hypothesis in its extreme and most popular form is that all men are equal and that I am just as good as you are. It is so manifestly untrue that a most elaborate system of humbug has had to be invented in order to render it credible to any normally sane being. Nowhere has this system of humbug been brought to such perfection as in America.

He visits Los Angeles and christens it "The City of Dreadful Joy." He does not like Los Angeles, and is glad to escape for a breather, accompanied by Mr. Charles Chaplin and Mr. Robert Nichols. And so back to London, "richer by much experience and poorer by many exploded convictions, many perished certainties." But, after all, "a dog is as full of certainty as the Veteran Liberal who has held the same opinions for forty years." It is a pity that all English Liberals are not forcibly sent round the world. It would cost a little money, but in a few years' time it might be possible to take the whole lot of them on one steamer.

THE RIGHT WAY TO DO IT

Origins of Education Among Primitive Peoples.
By W. D. Hambly. With a Preface by
Dr. Charles Hose. Macmillan. 25s.

THIS is a fascinating book, and will prove, we predict, to be of far-reaching value. The problems of native education are at the moment of paramount importance, and the whole future of the "Backward" Races and their relation to the white man depend on their being handled scientifically. It is still not too late to overtake the disastrous mistake of an earlier generation in deracializing the natives and cutting them off from the roots of their own life in native culture, custom and tradition. A successful educational policy can only be built on a real understanding of the thought-processes of primitive races, sympathetic in-

terpretation of their customs, an adequate knowledge of their folk-lore, and a constructive comprehension of the kind of life for which they are to be trained. Towards this Mr. Hambly has given us an important contribution, which will certainly be, as Dr. Hose claims for it, of special service to all who are working, whether as missionaries or administrators, among the undeveloped races. We hope many copies will find their way to mission stations in the outposts. The author served as anthropologist to the Wellcome Expedition in the Sudan and is primarily interested in Africa; but he has made a comprehensive survey, extending even to the Eskimo. He calls it "a comparative study in racial development," and its aim is to show how the primitive peoples set about the business of education, to equip their young, both in body, mind and spirit, for the claims which tribal life will make upon them. Prefaced to this is an admirable chapter on child welfare and mortality. It is the special merit of the whole book that it keeps the "psychology of education" in intimate connexion throughout with the specific cultural inheritance of the children themselves and the elders who train them, and the kind of lives for which they are being trained. We had occasion recently to criticize here the notion that animal psychology will solve many human educational problems. This book, we are sure, is the right way to approach them.

A great part of the volume is necessarily occupied with a study of initiation ceremonies, which the author shows to be not merely barbarous, but rather sane and deliberate attempts to implant in the youth those suggestions, to evoke those qualities, physical and moral, which will be required for successful adjustment to life at the tribe's level of culture. Indeed, despite masses of crude superstition and clouds of magic and morbid psychology, one could often believe, in reading some of these pages, that we are at a pioneer lecture on pedagogy! Mr. Hambly's discussion of primitive moral training is fine, in appreciation and in criticism.

Apart from its practical aims and usefulness, the book contains many suggestions of great interest to anthropologists. The author thinks that the circumcision-rites which figure in many tribal initiations may be traced back to pre-dynastic Egypt and formed part of an early fertility-cult. He also believes that many other features (the silence, the seclusion, the new name, etc.) are related to the Egyptian burial-cultus known as the "Opening of the Mouth." He is, that is to say, a convert—though by no means blind or uncritical—to the Diffusion-theory of primitive culture. The student of comparative religion will read with extreme interest the treatment of the psycho-pathology of "medicine men," the requirements in a novice for that priesthood and the methods employed in his seminary-training.

We cannot "review" the book in a column or so. We can merely draw attention to it. It is lavishly supplied with quite admirable photographs—many borrowed from Spencer and Gillen—which add much to its value for stay-at-home students.

SAMUEL BUTLER: A SIDELIGHT

Samuel Butler and his Family Relations. By
Mrs. R. S. Garnett. Dent. 10s. 6d.

BLOOD is thicker than water, but ink may be thicker than either. The bitterest of all the writings of Samuel Butler is 'The Way of All Flesh,' a novel confessedly founded on his home experiences, but not guaranteed to reproduce them all exactly. The direct use of living characters seldom, in this reviewer's experience, encourages good art or good manners. But it must be added that Butler wished

to postpone publication until his sisters were dead. It was Streatfeild, his literary executor, who gave the ladies a chance of each buying the book secretly and reading it with grief, though not, we suppose, always with surprise. Butler, then, showed consideration for a family which led or forced him to painful disagreement. Mrs. Garnett, whose grandfather was brother to Butler's mother, now puts forward what can be said for the family, and produces sufficient to show that Butler's irritation had valid reasons behind it, though there were faults on both sides. The defence of the family does not amount to much. The interest lies in Samuel the outcast, unable, like Stevenson, to see eye to eye with his father. All are now dead: 'The Way of All Flesh' remains for parents to read.

Apart from the misunderstanding that so frequently separates father and son, which may be Nature's way of seeing that the world moves to new ways and thoughts, it is to be noticed that Butler marks a time of great change, the loss of faith which came with the advance of science. Darwin, the greatest influence in the nineteenth century, was its greatest dissolvent. Butler was not too healthy a boy, he was misunderstood; he was always, we think, though a man of great generosity, freakish in an aptitude to take offence where none was meant. But he did seize on things which amply deserved exposure; he saw before his time the spirit of compromise, humbug and silence about vital matters which belonged to many Victorians. If he exaggerated, as a keen sufferer, he was right in the main.

Mrs. Garnett has not gathered anything of note about Butler's mother; but she admits quite frankly that his father was not fit to be a parent. Dragooned himself by his father into a career he did not choose, he bullied Sam, dosed him, whipped him, kept him short of money, convicted him daily of downright sin in not believing enough. It is significant that his other son, Tom, "died early, after a troublous life." And, of course, Sam's writing was all nonsense:

He talks of writing, but it requires more than his powers to do this. He has not that in him that will be read. He is too humptious and not sufficiently practical.

Yet by this time the son had taken an excellent degree at Cambridge, and was shortly after practical enough to make a success of farming in New Zealand. Amiable views of the old Canon ambling about with heavy botanical specimens in his last years are hardly to the point as rebutting evidence, nor can we make much of the agreeable letters commonly exchanged between relatives. We can hear affection of the sort frequently read out from parties who have gone malignantly enough to the Divorce Courts. The elder sister, Harriet, was, Mrs. Garnett tells us, a domineering woman, apt in youth to fall into a cataleptic fit if she was contradicted, fiercely orthodox, with a "goading hand . . . which made reconciliation impossible." The other, May, was more human and, with more understanding on both sides, might have stood for something in her brother's life.

The kindly letters, diaries, and neat little paintings in water-colour are good things in their way, but not "witty." We have heard a man of letters say that it is a real trial to be confronted with an aunt who uses the same weak adjective for boiled potatoes and Beethoven, the weather and Westminster Abbey. Some do not feel these things, others do. Mrs. Garnett is, on the whole, fair to Butler, but we do not admit all her generalizations on his character, and we may recall one which Butler once made, that women love a "row," and men hate it. Certainly the men and women of a family can be surprisingly different. Some years since an eager student of literature talked in an alcove for an hour or so with the two sisters of one of the most distinguished artists in prose, and the ladies resolutely kept the conversation to gas-stoves and other household utensils.

THE ROAD AS A WEAPON

General Strikes and Road Transport. By George Glasgow. Bles. 5s.

THE place of the general strike in history will obviously be determined not so much by its material effects as by the kind of impression it leaves in the minds of the people. It may still prove no more than an industrial dispute waged on a spectacular scale, or it may turn out to have been a convincing exposure of the futility and destructiveness of the endurance test method (either strike or lockout) and the unhealthy atmosphere it implies in the settlement of industrial differences. We know the material results already—a ravine in the trade returns and a peak in unemployment statistics stare us in the face. But potentially, at any rate, the vital aspect of the general strike is psychological—it was a psychological no less than an economic upheaval—and in that direction its effects are still only tentatively decided. The lesson should be driven home.

Mr. Glasgow therefore does a service by so promptly bringing out his lucid account of the organization which faced and routed the picked forces of Trade Unionism. The more the facts of the general strike are discussed the more is likely to be gained in wisdom as a set-off against the immense material loss we are saddled with, for there never has been a case where the facts spoke more plainly for themselves. It was, in the first place, a fair fight—the solidarity of the workers was all that the most sanguine leader could have reckoned on, military force was not exercised, yet their defeat was total, immediate and beyond dispute. The victory, moreover, depended on no abnormal circumstances. The ample warning and the chosen time of the year favoured the Government, but they had no special paraphernalia like the Ministry of Food and its resources, the war-time fleets of lorries and the R.A.S.C. drivers who were relied on in 1919. The same forces that broke the general strike in May could as easily be summoned up again at any time, by any Government which does its duty. It has been conclusively shown that the middle classes and road transport can step into the place of the working classes and railway transport so efficiently that the deprivation, which must be inflicted to ensure success, is hardly felt. Unless all road transport could be unionized—an academic possibility—the general strike without violence is therefore bound to fail, and with violence it could not, at present, obtain the necessary support.

Mr. Glasgow's account of the organization which made the roads an effective weapon is authentic and detailed, but very readable; he has always an eye for the picturesque incident which crystallizes or illuminates his point. At Oldham, he tells us, an emergency service of charabancs was organized for the many Manchester bank clerks living there, but the strikers destroyed one and held up others, and they ceased to run.

The Manchester bank managers thereupon wrote to the Council of Action, explained that they fully appreciated the point of view of the strikers, but equally assumed that the inevitable corollary would be appreciated on the other side, namely, that in the absence of bank clerks it would be impossible to pay out funds for strike pay. The Oldham Council of Action so thoroughly appreciated the corollary that they sent a deputation to the Road Commissioner, appealing to him with delicate if unintentional irony, on the ground of an essential service, to provide Government transport for the bank clerks between Oldham and Manchester. Instead of granting that request, however, the Road Commissioner referred the Council of Action to the charabanc company in Oldham, suggesting that if a guarantee were given to that company that its charabancs would not again be interfered with, all might be well. The suggestion was acted on, and the charabancs and the clerks restarted operations. Could there be a neater epitome of the complete futility of the industrial war as a whole?

The emergency regulations, organization and relevant official documents are printed in full, and

there are good maps of the metropolitan and eastern divisions, and of England as a whole. Even the bare data include points of interest; how many people know, for instance, that the full normal service of the Piccadilly tube is operated by only twenty-five trains, and the Hampstead by thirty-five?

YARNS FROM MANY LANDS

Travel and Adventure in Many Lands. By Cecil Gosling. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

MR. CECIL GOSLING'S reminiscences begin somewhere in the 'eighties and finish with the Putumayo scandals of 1910, when he followed Sir Roger Casement over some of the territory concerned and seems, generally, to have agreed with his report. Whether in the service of the Foreign Office, of the Bechuanaland Police Force, or travelling on his own account, Mr. Gosling always managed to cover a lot of ground, to meet large numbers of people of all classes of society, and to get plenty of riding, shooting and fishing. And now, over the port and walnuts, so to speak, he leans back comfortably in his chair and proceeds to tell us all about it.

It takes the form of anecdotes, mostly. From Spain, where Mr. Gosling's father was in the diplomatic service, comes the excellent story of the Scotchman, interested in bull-fighting, who, as an experiment, sent over four Scotch bulls, which appeared in the ring and completely nonplussed the *toreros*. "They behaved altogether unlike Spanish bulls, and instead of charging the cloaks attacked the man, and after wounding several of them cleared the arena and were taken out triumphant." It seems a shame that no one should have warned the innocent Spaniards. From Spain Mr. Gosling moved on to South Africa and served in the Matabele campaign with the Bechuanaland Police. After the suppression of the revolt every member of the expedition was allowed to peg out a small farm and a gold claim in the conquered territory. The majority—Mr. Gosling among them—immediately sold their new property to the Jews for a few pounds and spent the money on elaborate meals in Cape Town. A few years ago Mr. Gosling heard that his former farm had just changed hands for five thousand pounds!

And so to South America. Here Mr. Gosling was employed in various capacities, ending up as His Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Republic of Bolivia. The flow of his anecdotes grows quicker and brighter than ever. As a snake yarn, the following is hard to beat. An inhabitant of Lagunillas, whose wife had recently given birth to a child, returned from his work one night and entered the bedroom of his little home, "when [says Mr. Gosling] a strange sight met his eyes":

His wife was lying asleep with the child clutched at her side, and on her breast, drawing her milk, was coiled a large black snake. Either the man or perhaps the child must have made some sudden movement, for the snake raised its head from the breast on which it was feeding, and struck savagely with its fangs into the flesh. The woman awoke screaming, and in an hour was dead. . . This was the story as the man told it to me, and it was afterwards confirmed by my hostess (the local landowner). But there was one detail which my informant added which I thought an embroidery, though for aught I know it may be true. For he concluded: "Look, señor, at the cunning of this Satan (*este Satanas*), for the snake, while it fed on the mother's milk, placed the end of its tail in the child's mouth to keep it quiet."

This is a good book of its kind, simply because it tells more and better stories than any recent rival. Mr. Gosling, one imagines, must be a great *raconteur*. When he leaves the path of anecdote, he ceases to be impressive. For instance, he regards the Spanish Conquest of Peru as "one of the greatest crimes and calamities known to history"—an opinion which does not bear much thinking about. But such lapses are few.

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NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

From Man to Man. By Olive Schreiner. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

Harmer John. By Hugh Walpole. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

Joanna Godden Married. And Other Stories. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

The Lord of Labraz. By Pio Baroja. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

THE creative activity of departed authors is astonishing. In the course of the last few years Jane Austen has added considerably to her too exiguous output; Charlotte Brontë has contributed a volume of juvenilia; Conrad bequeathed an immense and tantalizing fragment. It is even rumoured that a novel by Turgenev awaits publication, a *roman à clef* and as such withheld from our eyes. But why should the book be delayed until interest in its subject, some Parisian prima donna, has grown too cold to help its sale? The age of delicacy is dead; that of vulgarity, curiosity, and commercialism has succeeded, and the reticence of novelists is extinguished for ever.

Olive Schreiner began to write 'From Man to Man' in 1873. In the following year appeared 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' two years later 'Beauchamp's Career,' three years later 'Daniel Deronda.' Olive Schreiner worked at her book for forty years, and left it unfinished; but intellectually it belongs to the epoch in which it was begun, the epoch of agnosticism, humanitarianism, moral elevation, and pronounced antipathy to revealed religion. But before she attained to this freedom the language of the Bible, and to some degree the point of view of those who believed unquestioningly in its verbal inspiration, had taken fast hold of her. When in a digression forty pages long she denounces the superstition of the churches and exalts the Greek practice of free inquiry, we can detect, in the ebb and flow of these passionate and rebellious utterances, the very accents that in youth must have admonished her to prayer. She is avowedly, almost professionally, anti-religious; but everything she says, turn of phrase, tone of voice, betrays a mind coloured to its core by religious ideas.

She has therefore much in common with George Eliot. She takes to abstract ideas like a duck to water, but, unlike the duck, does not always manage to keep herself afloat. She is also, what George Eliot was not, a feminist; and this bias upsets the balance of her work. The two sisters whose lives the book traces are, first and foremost, victims: victims of husbands and lovers. The appearance of a decent man, a few pages from the end, brings the book to a close. Its *raison d'être* is gone. Without a grievance Rebekah would be hardly recognizable, nor is Baby-Bertie conceivable apart from a Downward Track. From man to man she goes, that is, from bad to worse. Rebekah and Bertie are the blameless, deeply-wronged, long-suffering, lachrymose women of a hundred Victorian stories. They are also, needless to say, much more than that. They are marvellous creations, unforgettable portraits. We may be exasperated by their compliance and their meekness. We may feel that, by the time Rebekah writes that forty-page letter to her husband setting forth her knowledge of his myriad infidelities and apportioning to each its forgiveness, we have lost all sympathy with her, so criminal has been her forbearance. We do not wonder that Frank, out for a day's fishing, declined to take the letter, for he would have been all day reading it. We are not surprised if, both sisters making such a cult of defencelessness, predatory males and females were found to take advantage of it. It is never difficult to refute Mrs.

Schreiner's special pleading: even her great appeal for charity between man and man, to which the book leads up, would have better recommended itself if it had been an appeal to common sense. We feel cross when Rebekah speaks of mute inglorious female Shakespeares, repressed by age-long devotion to the distaff and the cradle. As a tract 'From Man to Man' will hardly make many converts. As a work of art it should surely command the highest admiration. It is beautifully written, written with love, and with a pregnant simplicity that Tolstoy himself could scarcely excel. It is unself-conscious in a degree unique among English novels. 'The Prelude,' the account of the child Rebekah's day-dream under the pear-tree, is so beautiful it takes away one's breath. Even Hans Andersen, to convey the sense of childhood, has to invoke a spell and set reality at a distance. Mrs. Schreiner, without taking away any short cuts, is able to combine two romances; the romance experienced by the child exploring her own mind, the romance felt by the grown-up person as he watches her. And the soft approaches to love, how exquisitely she portrays them. What an intense emotion she can extract from some ordinary gesture like the folding of the hands. The book is not, like so many modern novels, a series of scenes, casually linked together: it is alive, it grows. Even its men are convincing monsters. Perhaps the reason that Mrs. Schreiner could not draw an ordinary man was a tendency to regard him first as a husband. Respect dominated other emotions. When Respect died, loathing took its place.

In 'Harmer John' Mr. Walpole adopts a plan he has used, and used successfully, before; he pits the forces of Good against the forces of Evil and allows the forces of Evil to win a Pyrrhic victory. Harmer John, or more properly Hjalmar Johanson, a robust Scandinavian, an instructor in gymnastics by profession, appears, materializes almost, in a sea-borne Cathedral town in Glebeshire. The two daughters of his landlady, one pretty, one plain, fall in love with him; the landlady herself feels his charm. And so, to begin with, did all the inhabitants of the city, from the dignitaries of the Close to the riff-raff in the slum of Seatown. But presently a rift begins to show itself. Harmer John is an Idealist; he loves the town of his adoption, and he wants to demonstrate his love by reforming both the bodies and the buildings of its citizens. But he is not tactful. He tells prominent people they are too fat; he tells a leader of local society, Mrs. Bond (a cleverly-drawn study), that her cherished son is slack and pale. He tells the rough men of Seatown that their dwellings are a disgrace to them. They do not like having their shortcomings, whether of person or of circumstance, brought home to them; and under the presidency of the paunchy sinister Hogg (a rival for Maude Penethen's hand) they set about contriving his downfall. His position in the town is weakened by his friendship with Mary, the illegitimate daughter of a canon; soon he has hardly a friend in the place. Mr. Walpole is a romantic at heart, but to realize his romance he has to plough his way through pages of realistic detail ('Harmer John' is a very long book) and to introduce characters and elaborate relationships which have only an indirect bearing upon the final catastrophe. It is difficult for him to identify Harmer John the physical culturist with Harmer John the apostle of Order and Beauty, who feels an ecstasy at the name of Donatello. He is neither fish nor flesh. But directly the danger signals are out, and we know that the Seatonians in the depths of their animal natures mean mischief, Mr. Walpole's magic returns. We are thrilled and uncomfortable and horrified. Exactly why, it is hard to say. Mr. Walpole has the secret.

Joanna Godden, in the admirable novel of that name, was left neither maid, wife, nor widow. Miss Kaye-Smith devotes a long short story to the business of

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After an excellent opening, 'The Lord of Labraz,' by the Spanish novelist, Pio Baroja, winds its way to a disappointing close. It begins with darkness, fantasy, and queer types moving uncertainly in a priest-ridden Spanish provincial town; it ends with romance and melodrama. But it has a taste of its own and the English artist called, somewhat improbably, Samuel Bothwell Crawford, is an original figure who endears himself.

SHORTER NOTICES

With the Prince Round the Empire. By Charles Turley. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

THE story of the Prince of Wales's various Empire Tours has been told many times. In this volume Mr. Turley provides a brief résumé of each, beginning with the first visit to Canada in 1919 and concluding with the recent visit to South Africa and West Africa. To the student of contemporary Imperial history such a book is not without its value. The demonstrations which greeted the Prince at every stage of his journeyings are evidence not only of his personal popularity but of the deep-rooted reverence in which the Throne is held throughout the Empire. One characteristic story is told. When in Australia the Prince narrowly escaped a severe shaking in a railway accident. His equanimity remained unruined, however. "He caught up a cocktail-mixer as he climbed through his overturned dining-saloon, and waved it out of the window by which he extricated himself." The book is illustrated by a number of photographs depicting the scenes through which the Prince passed and four excellent maps.

The Voyage of the "Dayspring." By A. C. G. Hastings. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

THE basis of this book is the journal kept by the late Sir John Hawley Glover on the expedition up the Niger River in 1857. It is the story of a fine effort and reveals great qualities in its author of tenacity and probity. To the large body of readers for whom the sea and exploration have an irresistible attraction it may be recommended; but to those who bring some literary judgment to bear even on adventure books it will make small appeal. Neither the author nor his editor are gifted with original minds. Of the two, we very much prefer Sir John's unvarnished narrative, with its directness and simplicity, to the ineffectual banalities and graces of the editor. It would have been better if Mr. Hastings had confined himself to the brief introductory chapter on earlier Nigerian exploration to which footnotes should have been added. His embellishments are commonplace and irritating. With careful weeding and a minimum of comment a much better, though much shorter, book would have been produced.

The Twilight of the White Races. By Maurice Muret. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.

IN purpose this book comes very close to Sir Leo Chiozza Money's recent 'Peril of the White,' but in treatment it is very different. We find here no compendium of more or less trustworthy statistics, but an attempt to survey the forces, ideas and policies, which, far more than crude numbers, are deciding the fate of the white races. M. Muret, moreover, has the advantage of a certain amount of intelligence, although his information is not always above suspicion (he states, for instance, that the English birth-rate is "still very superior to that of France," which is not true; by 1924 ours was actually the lower), and when he puts in as evidence things like "one of the most English of Englishmen, Lord Northcliffe, declared, on his return from a trip to Indo-China, that 'We must take off our hats to the work accomplished out there by the French,'" he provokes a reluctance to take him seriously which is not entirely deserved. Some of the blame must fall on the translator, in whom M. Muret has been unfortunate. "Turkey has conquered its independence," or "America has the tragic perspective of enjoying her triumph a shorter time . . ." is not the sort of rendering that makes a book easy to read, especially when the original has already a tendency to wordiness. M. Muret has read widely; he is broad-minded and extremely sympathetic towards English methods and aspirations. His outlook is not nearly so gloomy as the title suggests; he has the somewhat rare ability of emphasizing dangers without losing his head over them.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

UNHESITATINGLY we give pride of place not to any new book but the first two of the admirable and astonishingly cheap replicas of epoch-making volumes issued by Mr. Noel Douglas. 'William Blake, Poetical Sketches' (4s. 6d. ordinary edition; 25s. limited edition), reproduces exactly the issue of 1783. 'William Shakespeare, Sonnets' (5s. ordinary edition; 31s. 6d. limited edition), similarly reproduces the text and typography of the 1609 issue. We congratulate Mr. Douglas on his enterprising use of a new process by which perfect replicas can be produced at such low prices. The series will be a great boon to scholars as well as a delight to many less learned lovers of literature.

'Soldiers and Statesmen, 1914-1918' (Cassell, 2 vols., 50s.), is sure of attention since it is by Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson. We must regret, however, the price of the work. It is of considerable bulk, and maintains a good standard as regards paper, print and binding, but there is no apparent reason why its price should have exceeded 30s., a figure which other publishers have found possible for similar books.

'The Autobiography of Benjamin Robert Haydon' (Peter Davies, 2 vols., 21s.) is a reprint of a book which, somewhat neglected for many years, is now about to be reissued by several publishers. As a picture of not ungenial megalomania, the thing is unsurpassed, and it contains a wealth of literary and artistic anecdote. Mr. Huxley's introduction is well enough, but we should have liked to see reprinted the essay on the book written some years ago by Mr. G. S. Street.

'Psychology and Ethnology' (Kegan Paul, 15s.), by the late Dr. W. H. R. Rivers, is the final monument to a great and many-sided investigator, who brought a rare mind to bear on some of the most interesting and difficult questions of anthropology, sociology and psycho-medical science.

'Reading,' by Mr. Hugh Walpole, and 'Talking,' by Mr. J. B. Priestley (Jarrolds, 5s. each vol.) inaugurate a new and promising series, 'These Diversions,' edited by Mr. Priestley, to which Mr. Belloc, Mr. Walter de la Mare, Mr. Lynd and Mr. T. Earle Welby, among others, are to contribute.

'France' (Benn, 21s.), by Mr. Sisley Huddleston, is an addition to the 'Modern World' series. It appears to be inspired by a warm sympathy with alike the intellectuals and the common people of France, but to be sharply critical of the French politicians of the last fifty years. That it is well informed is guaranteed by its authorship.

'Of Many Things' (Cape, 18s.) is an eminently characteristic expression of the curiosities and enthusiasms of its author, Mr. Otto Kahn, the distinguished American financier, political thinker and patron of art. Here certainly is something very different from the naïve and sloppy discourses of those American business men who undertake, between deals, to right American or European affairs.

'A General History of the Lives and Robberies of the Most Notorious Highwaymen' (Routledge, 25s.) is a new edition, under the care of Mr. A. L. Hayward, of Alexander Smith's classic. It is illustrated with sixteen plates from contemporary sources.

In 'The Epic of Mount Everest' (Arnold, 7s. 6d.), Sir Francis Younghusband tells, with his usual skill, the story of the three expeditions. It is a thrilling tale, which seems to gain by this condensation.

'The Travels of Marco Polo' (Dent, 7s. 6d.) has an introduction by Mr. John Masefield, and is illustrated with numerous plates and drawings by Adrian de Friston.

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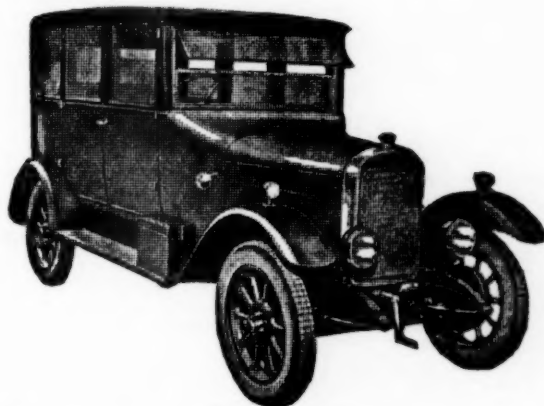
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THE QUARTERLIES

The *Quarterly* for October contains several papers of the first importance, notably that of Sir William M. Ramsay on 'Homer and the Troad,' in which he brings out the full importance of Dr. Leaf's work on Strabo, and restates clearly the reasons for the fall of Troy. Prof. McElroy gives us the history of 'British-American Diplomacy,' skating gingerly over its not infrequent failures, and is full of hope. Mr. Horace Hutchinson sings the praises of W. G. in 'Cricket and its Chroniclers,' while owning that there were great men before Agamemnon, and Mr. Bensusan writes sympathetically of the work of Israel Zangwill. Two unsigned articles are good; 'Some Pioneers of Medicine and Surgery' champions the general practitioner as against the lights of the profession, and 'The Manners of Parliament' examines the result of the revolutionary changes in its composition. Mr. R. B. Mowat is pleasant reading on 'Oxford, Cambridge and Literature,' though he reminds us of 'Not Oxford, not Cambridge, and writes !' Other papers are on Motor Traffic, St. Francis, Class Teaching, and the Political Situation.

The *Edinburgh* gives little space to pure literature this time. The Bishop of Durham strives to make clear the fields of 'Religion and Economics,' and has little sympathy with some recent pronouncements. Sir M. O'Dwyer in 'Politics and Religion in India To-day' deals clearly with the opposition of Mohammedans and Hindus and emphasizes the position of British rule as a peace-maker between them. Mr. Gisborne tells us of 'Disruptive Tendencies in the Australian Commonwealth' owing, as in Canada, to the opposition between agricultural and manufacturing interests. Mr. Rey is illuminating on 'Abyssinia Past and Present.' Mr. Coulton examines the failure of the prohibition of usury, and thinks prohibition of alcohol may go the same way. Dean Inge reviews very superficially 'Mr. Trevelyan's History of England' and Mr. Hutchinson very sympathetically 'Sir Rider Haggard's Autobiography.' 'Food and Population' is dealt with in a masterly way by Sir A. D. Hall.

The *Scottish Historical Review* opens with a study of 'Falsing the Doom,' the earliest method of an appeal against a judgment in a Scottish Court, in which the judges must sustain their judgment even by combat. Mr. Wilkinson is inconclusive on 'The Mystery of Maitland.' Mr. Hughes describes 'The Negotiations for a Commercial Treaty between England and Scotland in 1688' brought about by the experience of Commonwealth times, and Mr. Burnett gives the history of a competitive trial for the post of schoolmaster. A good number.

Science Progress in addition to its summaries of 'Recent Advances in Science,' discourses on the relation of host and parasite among human protozoa, the relations between mental or physical activity and physical or respiratory development, and the scientific renaissance with Bacon, Descartes, Boyle, Galileo, etc. Messrs. Toy and Coleclough tell us of modern methods of making maps and Dr. Miller points out just how much John Napier had to do with the invention of logarithms. The Notes and Reviews are as usual personal and valuable.

The *Print Collector's Quarterly* contains a useful paper by Mr. E. C. Francis on the work of T. M. Moreau who preserves for such so much of the life of pre-revolutionary society in France. Mr. H. M. Hake continues his catalogue of Richard Dighton's caricatures—one of the illustrations is of Nathan Meyer, Baron Rothschild in 1817. Mr. Schwabe studies the work of 'Francis Dodd' with a good selection of his dry-points for illustration, and M. R. A. Walker closes an excellent number with a paper on Mr. John Copley's lithographs.

The *Mask* (Florence), still takes all theatrical life and some of its decadence for its province. Mr. Craig takes Dumas père's adventures as an author at the Théâtre Français for a text of a sermon on how to deal with actresses and others in the theatre. There is due tribute paid to the achievement of Miss Margaret Morris. A number of books on the theatre are reviewed and listed and their value estimated in terms of paper and print for the money, and a host of other good things including a folding plate of Florence in the seventeenth century.

The *Calendar* expresses admirably one side of the modern movement in letters. Mr. Kay Boyle gives a slight but complete impression. There is some ugly Russian fiction. There is some good criticism by Mr. Hoare and Mr. Rickword, and Mr. D. H. Lawrence reviews 'Clissold,' and there is an account of 'Some Aspects of Yahoo Religion' which falls far short of Swift.

The *Yale Review* has some first-class papers. 'How Should One Read a Book,' by Mrs. Virginia Woolf, is excellent, so is Mrs. Stark Young on 'Realism in the Theatre' and Mr. St. John Ervine's sketch of 'The Mountain' falls very little short of complete success. These are of special interest to English readers, American interests are equally well catered for.

Foreign Affairs (New York), contains some plain speaking on 'The Prospects of Anglo-American Friendship' by Mr. A. G. Gardiner. The President of Mexico points out that only one-third of the wealth of Mexico is owned by Mexicans, and of this third sixty per cent. is owned by the Church. Hence the Mexican troubles. Two papers deal with American Loans. Sir F. Lugard writes on Tropical African problems and Sir F. Maurice on Mediterranean Politics, Mr. A. E. Taylor on 'World Food Resources' is mainly historical.

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set, presented by the publisher.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Award of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 240

HOW SMALL, HOW VAST, THE DIFFERENCE 'TWIXT US TWO!

1. Of everything he takes a gloomy view.
2. Between the Dnieper and the Don I dwell.
3. Loud tho' it be, its emptiness is felt.
4. Dull, tedious sermons such effect produce.
5. Unless we are, we're but of little use.
6. Your smoker loves this "mixture as before."
7. Dismiss the man, if here you wish to score.
8. The hosts of darkness he will put to flight.
9. "Hosts?" Now I've found a word to fit this light!
10. Grouse—but who knows their scientific name?
11. Bird or utensil, it is just the same.
12. Of all Greek deities the oldest he.
13. Famed source of calipash and calipee.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 238

BOTH BANE AND ANTIDOTE OUR PILLARS HOLD.

1. Choice should the wine be when I'm wrought in gold.
2. Cursed with a heart unknowing how to yield.
3. In heaven I have a helper and a shield.
4. Was discontented with the share assigned.
5. Fits, but the toil's superfluous, I find.
6. So small, and yet the whole wide world is in it!
7. The lists are set: e'en now the knights begin it.
8. Fine weather suits him; rain he can't abide.
9. The sea's here narrow, but the river wide.

Solution of Acrostic No. 238

T	ankar	D	1 "Lo these were they, whose souls the
O	bdurat	E ¹	Furies steel'd
O	rpha	N ²	And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to
T	wis	T ³	yield.
H	and	I	work Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
A	tlā	S	The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
C	omba	T	So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to
H	aymake	R	glow
E	stuar	Y	For others good, or melt at others woe."

Pope: *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*.
² Ps. x. 14. "Thou art the helper of the fatherless."
³ See 'Oliver Twist,' chap 2.

ACROSTIC No. 238.—The winner is Mr. George W. Miller, White House, Chislehurst, who has selected as his prize 'John Company,' by Sir William Foster, published at The Bodley Head and reviewed in our columns on October 9.

ALSO CORRECT.—Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Ruth Carrick, Ceyx, John Lennie and Lady Mottram.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Baldersby, Beechworth, Boskerris, C. H. Burton, D. L., Doric, Reginald P. Eccles, Kirkton, Madge, Margaret, N. O. Sellam, Sisypus, Trike, C. J. Warden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Armada, Gay, Lilian. All others more.

GAY and SISYPUS.—Your solution of No. 236 did not reach us. Please send copy, if possible.

A. K.—Probably the book has now reached you.

YEWDEN.—I suppose few have tasted both the dishes, and if this is the case my Proem is not misleading, in my opinion. No one else has complained. Glad to know that you appreciate our Acrostics so much.

BALDESBY.—It is not safe to assume that there is a misprint in our Acrostics; there have been very few so far. *Craft* is scarcely a synonym of *Toil*, but *Work* is.

ACROSTIC No. 237.—Correct: Margaret; One wrong: Jop, M. L. Davies; Two wrong: Polamar.

MARTHA.—Your solution of No. 236 did not reach us, and you have written "Solution of Acrostic No. 238" on one side of the paper, but not filled it in.

What are the essentials to a wise car-choice ?

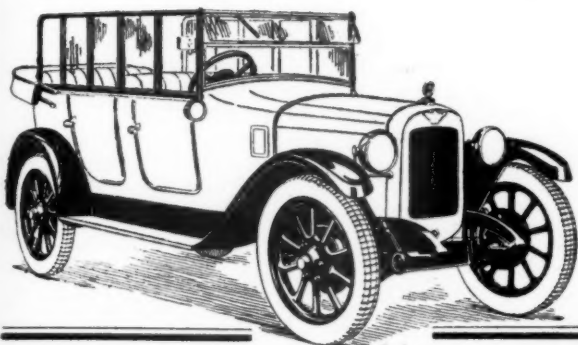
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It is doubtful whether it ever occurred to Thomas Alva Edison, when he first perfected his idea of storing up the human voice on wax cylinders, that his invention would one day be used for enabling people of different nationalities to converse with each other.

Mr. H. G. WELLS, another intellectual giant, foresaw, however, the application of the gramophone to the study of languages, and in his book, 'The Salvaging of Civilization,' he predicted that "the gramophone would be used, not only to supply music for drill and so forth, but also for language teaching."

This prediction has now been fulfilled. Mr. J. Roston, a gifted Linguist who has devoted his life to the question of language teaching, has elaborated a system of teaching languages, by means of language records, which has completely revolutionized the present-day notions of learning a language by home study.

Here is a brief description of the Linguaphone method:

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If you have ever attempted to learn a language by books or correspondence and tried to master the strange sounds of a strange language by even a stranger printed representation of those sounds, you will readily understand why the Linguaphone method is now in use in 700 Universities, Colleges, and Schools throughout the world.

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"Your Linguaphone records are admirable. You have made it possible for an attentive student with a very moderate expenditure of energy and without a teacher to understand spoken French and to speak it intelligibly."

G. Noel-Armfield, Esq., Lecturer in Phonetics at Cambridge Divinity School, writes:

"Thank you for the English and Italian Records which reached me last night. These I find are excellent, especially the Italian, in which the intonation impresses me as being entirely free from that artificiality so unusually found in gramophone records."

Extract from a letter received June, 1926:

"My son has just left A——'s School, London, where he has been studying Spanish for about three years. He has been very studious and persevering and, as you are aware, I bought for him last year your set of Records in Spanish. He used these persistently and assiduously as you instruct."

"At the last examination for Matriculation he was awarded Distinction in Spanish, both for ORAL and written."

"The Matriculation Examiner, who is a native of Spain, asked what School in Spain my son had attended (needless to say, he has never been in Spain or any Spanish-speaking country at any time) and further in the report made to the school mentioned particularly and solely my son's name for quite unusual proficiency and REMARKABLE ACQUISITION of ACCENT."

These are just a few testimonials from the many hundreds to be seen at the Linguaphone Institute. This wonderfully simple method of learning languages is fully described in an attractive 24-page illustrated booklet, and readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW interested in the study of foreign languages should apply immediately to The Linguaphone Institute, 373 Napier House, 24-27 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, for a free copy of this book, which will be sent post free by return.

Demonstrations are held daily at the Linguaphone Institute (2 doors from Chancery Lane Tube Station), and visitors to London are invited to have the Linguaphone method demonstrated—without the slightest obligation.

OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW SECTION

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

FOR years motorists have been asking for a small car that costs only £100. Olympia has models staged at this price. Whether there will be such a rush to secure so modest a car that the makers will find themselves able to reduce its price still further remains to be seen; but at the Waverley stand the visitor has two choices, one a new seven-horse power two-cylinder Waverley car, to seat four persons, costing £100, and a sixteen horse power six-cylinder Waverley car with a mauve and brown touring body that costs £585. The six-cylinder Waverley is a well-known car, and has proved its trustworthiness in the hands of the public. One hopes that its child, the seven horse power two-cylinder model, will be equally successful. At the price it should appeal greatly to those who only do what is now termed week-end motoring. Strictly speaking, they are the real motorists, these week-enders; they travel for pleasure, visiting spots and discovering new pleasures every Saturday and Sunday and so becoming acquainted with their own country far better than some who use their cars daily purely as a matter of convenience. This £100 Waverley car includes hood, screen, electric light, three lamps, four detachable wire wheels and balloon cord tyres for the money, which is virtually the same equipment as is found on far more expensive carriages.

* * *

For those who have a little more money to spend on their first car, there is the Clyno stand, where an excellent touring car can be bought for a trifle over £160. This is indeed a full-sized carriage with proper protection and all the fittings that wind, weather and safety demand; front-wheel brakes, quickly detachable wheels and easily raised hood, side curtains and a simple gear box that can be managed by a novice, with an engine that accelerates responsively. Here also are some very low-priced saloon cars that provide every comfort at an expenditure of slightly over £200, which seems as near the ideal as possible. That £200 could provide a comfortable closed carriage would have been deemed a dream by the earlier motorists; yet to-day several models are available at this price, so that there is no difficulty in travelling in comfort at a very small cost. In the better class of vehicles the Humber stand provides a wide choice of medium-powered cars at reasonable prices with first-class workmanship and design. There is a small nine horse power Humber which pays a low tax, yet is by no means a miniature carriage as it can transport four persons very comfortably and do a speed that is faster than most of us care to drive along country roads. Its four-cylinder engine with an overhead inlet valve and side exhaust valve is of exactly the same design as the larger twenty horse power six-cylinder Humber, which develops fifty-five horse power. The nine horse power Humber can also carry a saloon body, smaller no doubt than the six-cylinder Humber saloon staged on the stand, but wonderfully comfortable and well equipped. The six-cylinder Humber is an improved carriage and the saloon limousine on this chassis comes into the £1,000 class of automobile, whereas the nine horse power Humber four-cylinder only costs a quarter of that sum. There is, however, an entirely new model, the fourteen horse power four-cylinder Humber, which should appeal to those who have about £500 to spend. It gives a family car full of

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Chassis including coachwork value £75.....	£570	0	0
English Weymann Saloon	795	0	0
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Chassis including coachwork value £75	£570	0	0
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comfort devices, yet a speed that enables it to hold its own against any other vehicle of its type climbing hills or getting away from the dust of other cars on country roads. The speed that can be developed would rather surprise the uninitiated if they judged its capabilities by the neat-looking engine that lies under its bonnet. This speed also is attained without sacrificing any of the qualities of quietness in running or smoothness in travelling, as the springing is so arranged that even on comparatively bad roads no violent shocks are received by the passengers owing to its balanced suspension. Both open and closed cars in all three models are staged at Olympia.

* * *

The international character of the Olympia Motor Car Exhibition will bring many visitors from all parts of the world to view the latest types of passenger cars built in Europe and America. Ninety-eight manufacturers have stands in the main hall, out of which the British manufacturer occupies forty-seven. France has twenty-one stands, America has seventeen, Italy nine and Austria two. This is somewhat different from similar exhibitions in other countries; at the Paris Motor Show, which ended just before Olympia opened, only two British manufacturers exhibited, though one or two of our high-class coachbuilders had their carriages staged in the Coachbuilders' section. At the annual New York motor show, held each year in January, only two foreign cars are usually to be seen, the rest being productions of the home country. Consequently, Olympia can claim to be the most international exhibition held, and provides the British public with a larger amount of information as to the progress of automobile engineering. Belgium, by the way, has two representatives at Olympia; one of these is the Minerva stand, where six-cylinder engined chassis, with horse power varying from twelve to thirty, carry excellent examples of British coachwork. Actually three models are displayed, and while the twelve horse power six-cylinder Minerva is modest in its nominal claim for power, it is actually rated at eighteen horse power by the tax collector and develops nearly three times that figure in performance. Consequently, even the small Minerva chassis carry full-sized coachwork, while the twenty horse power six-cylinder Minerva and the thirty horse power models are luxury carriages of the highest order. Minerva Motors were the first continental firm to adopt the Knight sleeve valve engine after it had been developed by the Daimler Company in England. The Belgian mechanics seem to have had a special genius in casting these cylinders, so that Minerva sleeve valve engines quickly gained a high reputation in Belgium and France, as well as in England, for their excellent road performance.

* * *

According to the latest returns from the Ministry of Transport, the average tax paid by owners of private cars is slightly under £15 a year. Ever since 1919, when these returns were first instituted and the horse power tax was substituted for that on petrol, the horse power size has diminished by about one horse power per year, in inverse ratio, as cars increased on the road by one hundred thousand per annum. In other words, a larger sale has been made of very small rated cars, which brings down the general average, which was seventeen, sixteen and now fifteen horse power, respectively, during the past three years. The actual increase during the past twelve months has been approximately one hundred and eighty thousand new motor vehicles on the roads, so that a great number of these must have been of very small horse power. Olympia displays the seven

horse power Austin as one of the popular models of this character, with a four-cylinder engine, neat little saloon body, four-wheel brakes and all the concomitants of a full-sized carriage in miniature. It provides ample leg room for two adults, with two small children behind them. Besides the small Austin, there is a larger model, of twelve horse power, which for some time has been a very popular family car, and the original Austin twenty horse power four-cylinder carriage that was originated by Sir Herbert Austin immediately after the war and has gained in popularity ever since. However, four-cylinder engined chassis are losing their vogue, so the Austin Motor Company are introducing, at the present exhibition, a new six-cylinder model, rated at twenty-three and a half horse power, paying an annual tax of £24. Its mechanical details are somewhat similar to the four-cylinder Austin twenty horse power model, except that a six-cylinder engine runs more smoothly and, being larger, develops greater power, while the length of the wheel base has been increased to enable it to carry the largest types of coachwork. The Austin stand, however, presents an interesting feature in the means and methods adopted for the construction of the body placed on the various chassis. The coachwork is of metal construction, so that one is almost inclined to say this car is the handicraft of the mechanic rather than of the coachbuilder. This method of construction ensures greater durability with lightness, as well as allowing the panels to be finished on their exteriors with the new cellulose paintwork. Cellulose paint is really an enamel so hard that it is very difficult to scratch it at all; it is impervious to weather conditions, and keeps its polish in circumstances that would ruin varnish, the old-time finish of motor carriages. The more popular motoring becomes, the greater need there is to provide the owners of low-priced vehicles with a finish that does not want renewing every twelve months. Many of the new owners

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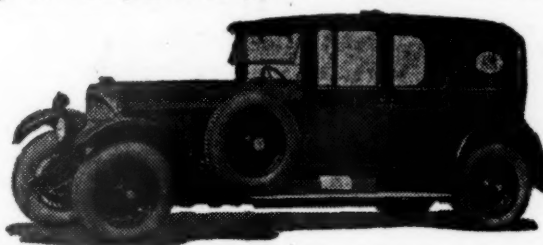


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prefer, for economy's sake, to look after their cars themselves, and this cellulose paintwork enables them to wipe off dust and mud without fear of scratching, and the more they polish the car the better it looks. Cars finished with the cellulose process do not need washing so often, nor need they be cleaned by the skilled garage hand; whereas, on the other hand, oil painted and varnished surfaces require a skilled person to wash and polish them properly. Therefore these light metal Austin bodies will be examined with interest by the general body of motorists. Their appearance is agreeable, looking after them entails less work, while they improve by wear instead of deteriorating, as might be expected, after long use.

* * *

Among the cars that are somewhat different in the general construction of the chassis is the Lancia that hails from Italy. This car, which was originally introduced some years ago, quickly became a popular model among those motorists who required fast touring cars. It was, however, chiefly as an open touring car carrying four passengers that it made its bow to the public. To-day the range of Lancia Lambda cars has been considerably increased by the provision of a chassis to which any type of coachwork can be fitted. The side members have been reinforced by deep, welded linings, each formed as a box girder, the whole being remarkably stiff. The pressings which formed the front seat and sides of the body have been cut away, but the scuttle remains in position, and the stern portion of the chassis has a superstructure which contains the petrol tank and a larger locker for luggage. Both front wings and rear wings, the running boards and the spare wheel carrier are included with the chassis, and a great deal of material which otherwise is supplied at the coachbuilder's charge is included, while in regard to detail, the tool boxes, battery box, and all floor boards, together with the framings for the seats, are also provided. The only other modification of this model is that the front brakes have been increased considerably in size with a narrow shoe, like that of a racing car. As a direct result of this innovation, a Weymann fabric saloon can now be fitted. The saloon on the stand is notable for its big window area and narrow uprights. A short wheel-base sixteen h.p. four-cylinder Lancia Lambda coupé is also staged, so opportunity is given to the visitor to examine both types.

* * *

The highest class of Italian automobile engineering skill is to be found on the straight eight-cylinder Isotta-Fraschini chassis, the most luxurious model that Italy produces. At Olympia it is fitted with British-built coachwork and, like all other high priced chassis, it carries the latest fashionable form of enclosed cabriolet with collapsible head and patent folding extension over the driver's seat. Its long bonnet and very roomy carriage give it an impressive appearance and a dignity that makes the onlooker think it is almost a carriage of State. The particular example at Olympia is painted grey and black, with interior upholstery in fawn velvet hide and cloth. There is a polished wood cabinet between the occasional seats, which forms a handy receptacle for those odds and ends that travellers like to have on their journey and for which they seldom have a convenient place in their motor carriages.

* * *

One of the new models that is sure to attract attention in the present exhibition is the six-cylinder Bentley, which has an engine of over six and a half litres, in order that the

chassis should be able to carry the heaviest and most luxurious type of closed body. There are other chassis in the show that equally could carry this type of coachwork, but it is doubtful whether they can improve on the speed, and silence, with the flexibility on top gear that the new Bentley can give. The original three litre Bentley with its four-cylinder engine quickly established itself as one of the best cars Britain has ever produced. The new six-cylinder Bentley will certainly maintain that reputation, as it has many notable improvements both in design and in performance. Each cylinder of its engine has two inlet and two exhaust valves, four valves to each cylinder. This in no small measure accounts for the power and the trustworthiness of the motor. By using two valves instead of one, the seating area is increased by fifty per cent., and in consequence the cooling surface is greater and a greater volume of water can be circulated through the space surrounding the seating.

As most motorists know, the regrinding of valves and seatings is the first requirement in an overhaul, but those who have had experience with this new six-cylinder Bentley state that the valves in the Bentley engine do not require attention until the car has done about twenty thousand miles. Also, decarbonization is not necessary under that mileage. Two magnetos and two sets of plugs are used, as it has been found that two simultaneous sparks in a correctly designed cylinder enable much more power to be developed by an engine. In addition, this feature has an important influence on easy starting and fuel economy. Dual ignition is provided in the event of an ignition fault, so that the engine will continue to run quite well on one magneto and one set of plugs, should trouble occur in the other system. A separate switch is provided for each magneto, in order that each set of plugs may be tested. Those who examine this new Bentley carriage will notice that it has a low centre of gravity, wide track, and care has been taken to distribute the weight correctly throughout the length of the chassis, so that it can travel at high speeds with



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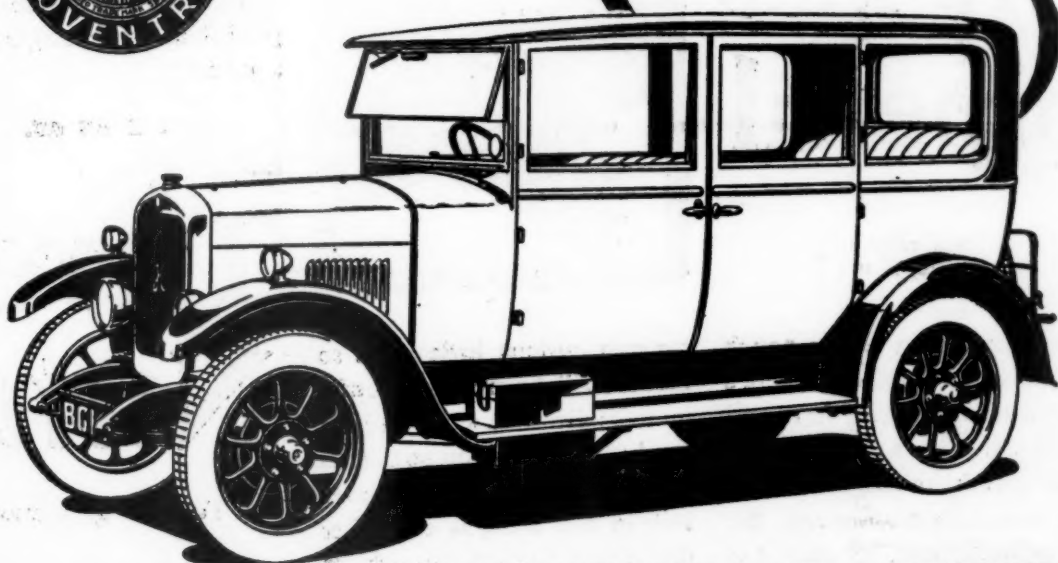
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great comfort and the powerful four wheel brakes give the necessary margin of safety and control.

* * *

Lubrication is the most important item in order that the customer may have trustworthiness in his motor and not have to do too much dirty work to keep it in order. Therefore it is interesting, in strolling round Olympia, to note the various methods adopted by different makers to obtain the same end. Round the gallery there are also several booths where various oils and lubricants are exhibited which will repay a visit. A great deal of progress has been made in knowledge as regards lubricants and how to use them, especially during the past ten or twelve years, as engines now turn very much faster with increased revolutions per minute than they did in the early days of the introduction of the motor-car. In fact the oils then used would burn and not lubricate the modern engine, produce an excess of carbon and require constant renewing of supplies, if they managed even to prevent the engine from breaking down. The greater refinement and quality of present-day lubricants is due to the need of the automobile engineer for more economical service. Consequently, one finds firms like the Silvertown Lubricants, Limited, exhibiting at Olympia their all-season oil "Speedolene," which differs from other motor-car lubricants in that it is thinner at normal and thicker at higher temperatures.

* * *

This old-established British lubricant company has long manufactured heavy lubricants used by railway companies and others, but has only recently provided oil for motor-cars. They realize that it is useless to expect the modern car owner to change his oil in winter from the grade that he used in the summer, as there

is no certainty as to when these seasons actually occur in England. So they have produced a lubricant that has a low viscosity at normal temperatures and a high viscosity at high temperatures, thus effectually eliminating atmospheric temperatures from affecting the condition of the proper lubrication of the engine. At the same time there are Speedolene grades of oil, thin, medium and heavy, the thin being the type or grade that is suitable for American engines, the medium for most European models, and the heavy for light motor-cycle engines and for cars habitually running at higher than normal temperatures. In order that as little trouble may be given to the owner of the car as possible, the automobile engineer has considerably reduced the number of places in the mechanism of the chassis that require individual attention by the owner in regard to renewal of lubricant. Some chassis, indeed, only require the engine sump to be filled with oil and from that source lubricate the moving parts by the action of a pump that is operated by the engine itself and for the other parts provide for the necessary lubricant by means of a hand pump placed near the driver, which on being used sends oil to all the different parts of the chassis, instead of by filling up separate greasers or oiling points by means of a hand oiling can or grease gun. Others, while relying on pressure given by the pump to supply the engine itself, the gear box and the clutch mechanism, fit bearings that retain their original lubricant during the ordinary year's use, and require only occasional renewing at these points. The engine sump of course has to be filled oftener. Others have a grease gun that supplies either oil or grease to a number of oiling caps, the gun itself being easily attached and only requiring its handle turned once or twice to force the lubricant to the required bearings and wearing points. Thus, no motorist has any cause to put on a set of overalls to grease and lubricate his motor-car, as was the case some few years ago. To-day such renewals

the last pipeful



Show me a man whose pouch is innocent of dust when there's only one last pipeful in it, and I will show you a man of sense. That man's tobacco is truly economical, even though, for his palate's sake, he may pay an extra penny or two for the ounce.

The tobacco will be Three Nuns. Tobacco of curious cut:

cut into curious little discs so that it shall burn more slowly, more coolly than any you have smoked before. Cut so that its enchanting flavour shall never vary in the least, as disc after disc burns slowly through, as pipe follows pipe, as pound succeeds pound.

These little discs are sliced from long ropes made up of

various kinds of leaf uniformly coiled together, so that the blending of flavours is uniformly perfect in every single puff of smoke.

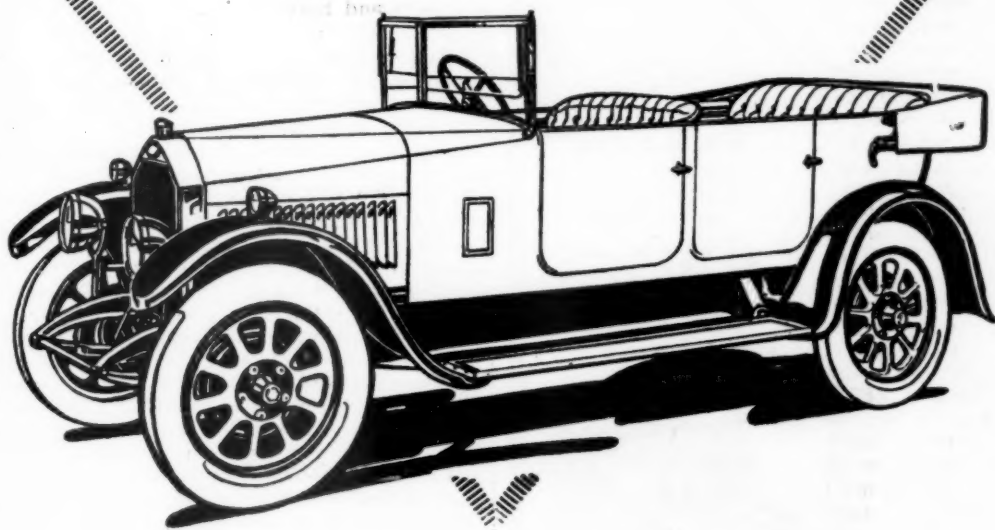
1/2 an oz.

Three Nuns

The Tobacco of Curious Cut



An Exacting Standard rigorously maintained



THE scope of choice before intending Humber owners has been extended for the 1927 Season by the addition of two new models—the 14/40 H.P. and the 20/55 H.P. respectively. The 14/40 H.P. models have been designed with a view to satisfying the needs of those who desire medium power and ample accommodation within moderate price limits. They will find the 14/40 H.P. models at Olympia worth their careful examination. The 20/55 H.P. models on the other hand represent all that Humber research and experience can combine in a luxury car. All the current Humber models maintain the high standard of quality associated with their name.

STAND No. 95 Olympia, Oct. 22-30

The 1927 Range Includes :

9/20 H.P. 2/3 Seater Tourer with Dickey Seat	£260
9/20 H.P. 4-Seater Tourer	£260
9/20 H.P. 4-Seater Saloon	£315
14/40 H.P. 2/3 Seater Tourer with Dickey Seat	£460
14/40 H.P. 5-Seater 4-door Tourer	£460
14/40 H.P. 5-Seater 4-door Saloon	£575
14/40 H.P. 3 Coupe with Dickey Seat	£575
15/40 H.P. 5-Seater 4-door Tourer	£620
15/40 H.P. 5-Seater 4-door Saloon	£835
15/40 H.P. 5-Seater 4-door Saloon Landaulette	£835
20/55 H.P. 6-cyl. 5-Seater 4-door Tourer	£725
20/55 H.P. 6-cyl. 5-Seater 4-door Saloon	£940
20/55 H.P. 6-cyl. 5-7-Seater Landaulette	£940
20/55 H.P. 6-cyl. 5-7-Seater Saloon Limousine on long wheel-base chassis	£1,050

Dunlop Tyres Standard

If you are unable to inspect the Humber Exhibit at Olympia—do the next best thing, write for Catalogue giving complete specifications of all Humber Models.

HUMBER LIMITED, COVENTRY

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Supremacy!

The "Valet" AutoStrop is the only safety razor in the world that strops its blade without removal from the frame. Nothing to unscrew. Nothing to take to pieces. Simplicity itself.

"VALET" AutoStrop Safety Razor

Illustration shows No. 1 Standard Set containing heavily silver-plated razor, twelve blades and horse-hide strop, in black leather covered case lined velvet and satin. 21/-



British Made Of all dealers
THE AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR Co., Ltd., London, E.C.

Waverley

16/50 h.p.
£16 Tax.

The Incomparable
British "Six"

WAVERLEY CARS LTD. (Estab. 1910)

WALDO ROAD, LONDON, N.W.10

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Pratts

STAND 270
MOTOR SHOW
Olympia. Oct. 22-30

The
Yachting Monthly
OCTOBER ISSUE

Now on Sale

Price 2/-

as have to be made can be effected in such a manner as not to dirty the clothes or the hands of the person performing the operation. As so many women drive nowadays, this improvement in the lubricating system of the great majority of cars has enabled them to look after the machine as easily as men.

* * *

Now that the saloon is such a popular vehicle, no doubt visitors to Olympia will pay more attention to this type of carriage than to the open car, especially as the prices of the closed carriages are so low. One of the improved saloons of moderate price staged at Olympia is the new fourteen horse power Hillman, first introduced last year. It attracted a great deal of attention then by reason of the capacity of the car, the practical character of its arrangements and the comprehensive range of its equipment, considered in relation to the small price demanded. This year still greater value is given for the money, as not only has the chassis certain improvements that permit the driver to get a better performance on the road, but the coachwork has been improved in design, so that its appearance is handsomer and more comfortable. The new model gives more room in the back seats, as its width is an inch and a half greater. The back corners of the head and rear panels are now rounded so that where straight lines existed on the old model, curves now take their place. The sides and the top of the body sweep smoothly, and the scuttle has had the original squareness replaced by a sweep, which gives a regular waistline from radiator shoulder backwards.

* * *

The roof is covered with stretched material, so that the frame-work does not show; it also acts as a silencer to any humming that might otherwise be audible to the passengers. The whole front seat is adjustable and can be locked into position into the floor of the body and to the door pillars. Four doors with winding windows are provided, the rear ones being twenty-six inches wide to allow for easy entrance and exit. These doors also are provided with double slam locks and each lock has a catch that can be used to prevent opening from outside, while the front door on the passenger side has an additional lock and key, so that when the windows are all raised, the three other doors locked inside, the car itself can be entirely locked up. The position of the door handles in the middle of the doors, so that they can easily be reached by the passenger seated inside, is another little refinement that women will appreciate. Water gutters on the wings help to keep the panels free from dirt that might be thrown up by the wheels and so the paintwork is less liable to get dirty and the car maintains its smart appearance longer. An improved and stronger luggage grid is carried at the back of the body, which does not at all interfere with the spare wheel, also carried at the rear, while the fuel tank fills in the space between the rear dumb irons and prevents the underneath parts of the car from showing from behind, thus adding to the generally pleasing appearance. This fuel tank has a large filler on the left-hand side, out of the way of the luggage, and a gauge showing the amount it contains with a two-way cock, which permits the reserve supply of fuel to be used when required. Besides the saloon to be seen on this stand, there is a very smart two-seater on a fourteen horse power Hillman chassis.

* * *

Petrol supplies are now available at most out-of-the-way villages mainly owing to the policy of the large

SUNBEAM LEADERSHIP

OLYMPIA STAND 106

Arrangements can be made to supply any Sunbeam model under the Hire Purchase system.

See the new Sunbeams at Olympia. From the remarkable 16 h.p. Six Cylinder to the 35 h.p. Eight Cylinder there is a range of models that presents an unrivalled combination of efficiency and value.

Trial runs can be arranged at any time and delivery given of a limited number of these models.

16 h.p.	Six cylinder Touring Car	£550	3-litre	Six cylinder Four-seater Sports	£1125
	Closed Models from	£675	30 h.p.	Eight cylinder Touring Car	£1395
20 h.p.	Six cylinder Touring Car or Two-seater	£750		Weymann Saloon	£1550
	Closed Models from	£850	35 h.p.	Eight cylinder Enclosed Limousine	£1975
25 h.p.	Six cylinder Touring Car	£950		Enclosed Landaulette	£1975
	Closed Models from	£1150			

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON

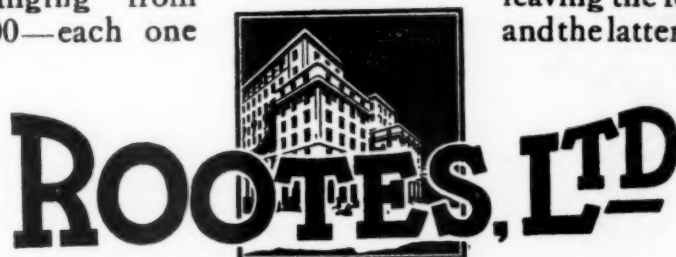
London Showrooms and Export Department:
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Specialists in Sunbeam Cars

Olympia has its permanent counterpart in ROOTES Limited's new Showrooms at Devonshire House, where there is always presented, under conditions ideal for examination, a comprehensive display of cars of all types — ranging from £145 to £3,000—each one

carrying the Rootes Service which is typified by a chain of Stations from the Midlands to the South Coast. During the Show a luxurious Saloon car is at your disposal to take you from Devonshire House to Olympia and *vice versa*, leaving the former at the hour and the latter at the half-hours.

SIX SERVICE STATIONS FROM THE MIDLANDS TO THE SOUTH COAST



Branches:
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Britain's Largest Car Distributors

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CARS PACKED, SHIPPED, AND DELIVERED TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD



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USE THE WORLD'S
KEENEST
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ONE'S first shave with a Gillette Blade is always an "eye-opener," so to speak. It has the keenest edge that human skill has succeeded in putting on steel; an edge that removes the stiffest beard with amazing ease and closeness, giving an immaculate shave that keeps you looking well-groomed all day

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GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, LTD.,
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*Waverley
mixture*

*a Secret
blend
of
rare
tobaccoes
1/- oz.*

WA 250

distributing companies who have assisted the garage man in erecting pump filling stations for the benefit of motorists. The famous Shell petrol pump can be seen in the gallery at Olympia exhibited by the fuel distributors, Messrs. Shell-Mex, Limited. Here also is the Shell oil cabinet, which has helped to make motoring more economical by enabling the oil to be bought in convenient quantities at a considerable saving in price.

* * *

Pratt's golden pumps are also at this motor show and at this stand the visitor will see their depth-gauge, which is like the wand of a magician, as it can measure the contents of a petrol tank without having to be dipped into it. The proprietors of Pratt's motor spirit realized many years ago that the motoring community would prefer to be sure that the petrol delivered from a roadside pump positively contained the spirit of the brand named on the pump itself. While it was simple to deliver the petrol into a bulk storage tank connected with a pump and sealed so that no adulteration or substitution of an inferior petrol could be carried out, it was less easy to find a way to allow the garage man and dealer to measure the contents of the sealed tank. Any opening through which a measuring stick could be dipped meant an opening by which other petrol could be poured into the tank. Eventually, these distributors of fuel discovered an inventor who had a measuring gauge which would allow the contents of a vat or a tank that was sealed up to be ascertained. Visitors to Olympia can see this gauge.

* * *

Owners of Rover cars will notice that this stand contains a new model of sixteen to fifty horse power, which has been provided for those who desire wide range in performance on top gear, when accelerating or hill climbing. It is styled a "sixteen fifty," as, though rated at a £16 annual tax, the new engine develops fifty horse power on the brake, and is also capable of giving relatively high power at slow engine speeds. This, of course, is useful in allowing the car to pull well when climbing hills and at low ranges or road speed on top gear. A racing model of this type averaged a hundred miles an hour at Brooklands, so that the touring model is quite capable of putting up a speed which should satisfy most owners, while it runs very quietly at whatever pace may be taken. A wider market is satisfied by the smaller nine horse power Rover, which is a handy little car with large seating capacity and is particularly economical in its running costs. This was the car that was picked out of an ordinary dealer's stock by the Royal Automobile Club to test how much it would cost to run over two thousand miles. The cost for oil and fuel over that distance, together with any cost of adjustment or repair, was £5 for two thousand and seven miles. This nine horse power Rover was also tested for its fuel consumption on the continent, where it averaged twenty-nine miles per hour with a fuel consumption of thirty-six miles to the gallon from Calais to Monte Carlo, with four persons and their luggage in the car. Quite a number of people are deterred from purchasing Rover cars because they fancy they cannot afford to run and maintain them on the road. Olympia has many attractions, but this Rover car will certainly convince people; by no other means could four people have completed a journey in England of two thousand miles for a five pound note, whether they had chosen to go by air, water or rail, so that motoring by road in one of these light inexpensive vehicles is really economical.

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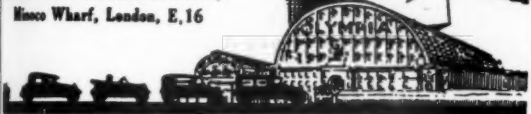
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WE ARE EXHIBITING a full range of SPEEDOLENE, and a qualified staff will be in attendance to explain the cause of engine troubles, 75% of which are due to incorrect lubrication. No matter whether you are interested in oil from a technical, trade or user's point of view, we are ready and anxious to give advice.

SPEEDOLENE is an ALL SEASON OIL enabling you to use the SAME GRADE THE WHOLE YEAR ROUND.



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STAND 104

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Here you will find a range of serviceable reliable cars that will exactly suit your requirements

ROVER

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12-14 H.P. TOURING CAR
£495 COMPLETE.

12-14 H.P. 4-DOOR, FABRIC COVERED
SALOON, £495 COMPLETE.

THE Minerva range of cars—those famous sixteen, twenty and thirty horse-power models, all of which have an established and international reputation—are consistently arousing an extraordinary enthusiasm, both in motoring circles and in the Press. These luxurious cars—designed essentially for the buyer who puts quality before price—are for your inspection at Olympia now. Also

MINERVA MOTORS LTD., MINERVA HOUSE, CHENIES STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

THE NEW 12-14 H.P. 8-CYLINDER MINERVA 4-DOOR FABRIC COVERED SALOON £495 COMPLETE

Special attention is drawn to the fact that although this model is obtainable at a considerably lower price than has hitherto been associated with the name Minerva, the new car is every inch a product of the famous Minerva factory, and has behind it the world-wide reputation for magnificent workmanship and masterly design inseparable from this distinguished line of cars.

STAND 57. OLYMPIA

CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE unexpected announcement by the directors of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company that they proposed to make a bonus distribution of one share for every two held to their Ordinary shareholders has suddenly drawn attention to the oil market. The announcement was all the more welcome because it came as a surprise. It is strange that the oil market has not been in greater favour throughout the coal strike. That the absence of coal has increased the demand for oil is the natural assumption, yet oil shares have remained out of favour for a considerable time. There are two factors to account for this. First, public confidence has been shaken in the oil market by the debacles of the past, which have been brought again to their notice by the recently published British Controlled statements. The other factor has been the knowledge that French investors and speculators have bought many thousands of oil shares from the London market which they may suddenly wish to sell for currency reasons. The Anglo-Persian bonus, however, has suddenly changed all this; and although the danger of Paris selling still remains, the market has been galvanized into fresh life. There is little real change in the position, but the possibilities appertaining to many companies have suddenly been realized. Trinidad Leaseholds and Phoenix Oil have been the centre of considerable activity, while Lobitos have been steadily absorbed.

COAL

On the grounds of public policy I consider anything in the nature of a coal share boomlet greatly to be deprecated, but the fact must not be overlooked that the price of the shares of many colliery companies have been, quite rightly, seriously depreciating during the recent stoppage, and it is only natural that the re-opening of the pits should lead to more optimism and higher quotations. Those who desire to interest themselves in this market might with advantage choose Sheepbridge Coal and Iron shares, as I hear the company has spent considerable capital in recent years in improvements, and with normal labour conditions it should now begin to reap the benefit. As regards Bolsover, the accounts for the year will, in all probability, be presented in a pessimistic manner. I hear, however, that they have done remarkably well in the last month and will continue to do so, but I do not consider a much higher price than that ruling at the moment is justified, particularly as when normal times return it is probable that this company will make a debenture issue.

STORES

A feature of late has been the activity in the shares of the various London and provincial stores. It is remarkable that while the basic industries of the country have been doing badly, there should have been activity in what might be described as the luxury trades. Despite the strike, the London stores are said to have enjoyed a prosperous year. The increase in their profits of recent years is probably attributable to the fact that whereas ten years ago the number of women wage-earners was small, to-day it has risen to considerable figures. Just as in the past the male employee assisted the brewing and distilling industries to pay large dividends, so in the future will the woman employee swell the profits of the stores and drapers. The tobacco companies are

fortunate in that both sexes assist in the consumption of their output. Reverting to the stores, eliminating rumours of amalgamations and absorptions, which are ever prevalent in this market, I feel that both Whiteley's Ordinary shares and Harrods' Ordinary shares are good permanent lock-up investments.

NEW ISSUES

This week another Corporation Loan has made its appearance, the Sunderland Corporation having been in the market for £1,000,000. The issue price was 99, and the rate of interest 5%. The stock is repayable at par on October 1, 1956, but the Corporation will have the option of redeeming at par at any time after October 1, 1946, on giving three months' notice. Personally I favour these Corporation loans as thoroughly sound gilt edged investments. At the moment of writing the result of this Sunderland issue is not yet known, but it is a safe assumption that its issue will not be the scene of a wild scramble of applications—which is the case with foreign loans. I think that with Europe still in a state of flux the cautious investor would do well to consider whether an investment in the Sunderland Corporation is not quite as attractive as that of the City of Hamburg, despite the fact that the latter loan carries an extra 1% in interest.

RHODESIA

An event that may prove an epoch in the mining history of Rhodesia has occurred this week; the Bwana McKubwa Copper Mining Company has issued its first monthly output. The production amounted for the month of September to 243 tons of copper oxide. This output is expected to increase monthly until December, when the estimate is for 801 tons. Next year a total output of 10,000 tons is expected. This news is considered of such paramount importance to Rhodesia because it heralds the start of production in what may prove the world's greatest copper field. Caution must be exercised in the buying of shares in many of the companies in this new field, but the unlimited optimism of those who should know makes the present position replete with possibilities.

UNDERGROUND PROSPECTS

The position of the Underground Electric Railways Company is worthy of attention. While the company's receipts from its investments have not increased of recent years, being in 1935 about £100,000 short of the £846,198 earned in 1923, expenditure has decreased from £111,534 to £62,378 in the same period, as has also the sum required to pay interest on the Income Bonds. It has thus been possible to increase the carry forward from £95,639 to £145,959. The business controlled by the company is so vast that the sum needed to make a modest beginning in dividends looks almost trifling by comparison. For example, in 1925 the operating companies carried 1,837 million passengers, being 144 millions more than in 1921, and worked 253 million car miles, the gross receipts being over £14 millions. To pay 5% on the new capital would require only £253,000, and so great is the turnover that it is calculated that if every thirty passengers contributed one penny between them this sum would be realized. It is impossible to believe that the equity of so huge an undertaking will indefinitely remain in £5,000,000 of Ordinary capital with a market value of less than £3,000,000 and I therefore think these Ordinary shares worth locking away at the present price of 11s. 3d.

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Company Meeting

BUENOS AIRES AND PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Buenos Aires and Pacific Railway Company Limited was held on October 15, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C. The Viscount St. Davids, who presided, said that with regard to the results of the past year the wheat crop has been a failure, so that they had had little over half the normal crop for export. On the other hand, the result from wine was a record one, so that on balance they had a fairly satisfactory year. The total receipts from wheat, maize, oats, linseed, and all other kinds of grain and empty bags were only 11½ per cent. of the whole—and that in a year when they were able to pay the stockbrokers 7 per cent. As regarded the work on the line during the past year, they had been going steadily on with their policy of putting 100 lb. rails in the important sections of the line. That work was always going on. Also, they had been going on with the stone ballasting. For the last twenty years they had been doing as much stone-ballasting as possible, with the result that no other line in the Argentine Republic as regarded road-bed could be compared with theirs. In the past year they had entirely stone-ballasted 142 miles, and in addition, they had covered with stone against dust a further 23 miles. He thought to do that without interfering with the general traffic on the line was pretty nearly a record. Then, during the past year they could, because of the solid road-bed, go in for still heavier engines, so that they still had the heaviest of any English railway in the Argentine Republic.

With regard to their oil company, which had been started as a speculative venture in conjunction with the Southern and Western railways, that now looked as if it was going to turn out very well indeed. As regarded fuel, they had of late been using coal, but it was perfectly clear that with the development of oil in the Argentine Republic, and of their own oil in particular, the time must come when all the railways would be thinking of giving up coal and taking to oil fuel. He would especially call the attention of the exporting districts of Great Britain to the fact that, if they were not careful, oil would replace coal permanently in South America.

With regard to the prospects for the current year, he could only see one doubtful point, and that was that during the current year wages would undoubtedly be considerably higher than they had been during the past year. On the other hand, they had had a bad wheat crop, and it was only reasonable to suppose that they would have a better one, and he would be disappointed if the results of the current year were not at least as good as those for the past year.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

BUENOS AYRES WESTERN RAILWAY

Presiding at the ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Buenos Ayres Western Railway, Ltd., held on October 19, the chairman (Sir Henry Bell, Bt.) said that the year's results were satisfactory. They suffered disappointment because the wheat harvest, which until the last moment promised to give splendid results, was attacked by rust, and consequently the yield both in quality and quantity was not up to expectations. Maize did not yield the harvest they had anticipated, and its transport was delayed by a spell of damp, warm weather, which necessarily affected the grain, so much so that at one time it was almost unsaleable. In spite of these drawbacks and the drop in the receipts from the cattle traffic due to the abnormal activity during the previous year on account of drought, their gross receipts increased by £207,673. The available balance of £860,336 had enabled them to place £100,000 to the general reserve fund and to recommend a final dividend of 4 per cent. on the Ordinary stock, making, with the interim dividend of 3 per cent., 7 per cent. for the year, an increase of 1 per cent. on the twelve months. Particularly gratifying features in the improved showing had been the more favourable results of working the Buenos Ayres Midland Railway and the decreasing exchange loss on remittances.

Summarizing the impressions that he formed on his recent visit to Argentina, the chairman said that they had in the Western Railway an exceedingly valuable property, which was situated in some of the finest agricultural zones in the Republic. The railway was in good condition, and was efficiently managed by most competent officials.

With regard to the prospects for the coming year, he had received on Saturday a cablegram, which the directors considered very satisfactory: "Crops, camps, and live stock were in excellent condition, and prospects were favourable for coming season."

The report was adopted.

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Company Meeting

INVERESK PAPER COMPANY

Recent Important Acquisitions Capital Increased by £650,000

TERMS OF OFFER TO SHAREHOLDERS

FLOTATION OF ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD.

An EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the members of the Inveresk Paper Company, Ltd., was held on October 15 at the North British Hotel, Edinburgh, Mr. William Harrison, J.L.B. (Chairman of the company), presiding.
The Secretary read the notice convening the meeting and the resolutions to be proposed, which were as follows:—

RESOLUTIONS

1. That the capital of the company be increased to £1,200,000 by the creation of 300,000 additional Preference shares of £1 each ranking for dividend as from the respective dates of the calls and payments in respect thereof, and upon the dissolution of the company and in all other respects *pari passu* with the existing shares of the company, and 350,000 additional Ordinary shares of £1 each ranking for dividend from the respective dates of the calls or payments in respect thereof, and in all other respects *pari passu* with the existing Ordinary shares of the company.

2. That the said additional Preference shares of £1 each be offered in the first instance at par to the members of the company holding Preference shares registered on October 15, 1926, in the proportion of one new share for each Preference share held by them and upon the footing that the full amount of each Preference share taken up shall be paid to the company by instalments as follows:—

2s. 6d. per share on application;

7s. 6d. per share on allotment;

10s. 0d. per share on December 31, 1926;

and that such offer be made by an offer specifying the number of Preference shares to which the member is entitled and limiting the time (not being less than ten days) within which the offer, if not accepted by payment of the sum payable on application, will be deemed to be declined, with power to the Board to have the issue of the Preference shares underwritten by any parties with whom they may make arrangements for an underwriting commission not exceeding 1½ per cent.

3. (a) That of the said additional 350,000 Ordinary shares the directors be authorized to allot 50,000 to the Graphic and Bystander, Ltd., at a premium of £1 5s. per share, and 50,000 shares to Mr. William Harrison, the Chairman of the company, at a like premium, such shares to be paid for in cash and at the same times and by the same instalments as the Ordinary shares mentioned in sub-clause (b) hereof.

(b) That the balance of the said additional Ordinary shares—that is, 250,000 Ordinary shares—be offered in the first instance at a premium of £1 5s. per share to the members of the company holding Ordinary shares registered on October 15, 1926, so that each Ordinary shareholder shall be entitled to an allotment of one new share for each share held by him and upon the footing that the full amount of each Ordinary share taken up, plus the premium (making together £2 5s. per share), shall be paid to the company by instalments as follows:—

10s. (including 7s. 6d. on account of premium) on application;

£1 (including 17s. 6d. on account of premium) on allotment;

15s. on December 31, 1926,

and that such offer be made by an offer specifying the number of Ordinary shares to which the member is entitled, and limiting the time (not being less than ten days) within which the offer if not accepted by payment of the sum payable on application will be deemed to be declined, and that the Board be empowered to dispose of the Ordinary shares not taken in response to such offer as they consider expedient in the interests of the company.

4. That pursuant to article 113 (e) of the company's articles of association this general meeting hereby ratifies and confirms the action of the directors in entering into the following contracts:—

(a) Dated September 23, 1926, between the Sphere and Tatler, Ltd., and the company.

(b) Dated September 23, 1926, between the Amalgamated Trade Publications and the company.

(c) Dated September 23, 1926, between Sir John Reeves Ellerman, Bart., C.H., and the company.

(d) Dated September 28, 1926, between the Graphic and Bystander, Ltd., and the company.

THE CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH

The Chairman (who was received with applause) said: As one of the resolutions to be submitted to you at this meeting contains a reference to an allotment to myself of 50,000 new Ordinary shares of £1 each at the price of 45s. per share, for reasons stated in the circular dated September 6 already sent to you, I do not think it proper for me to propose the resolutions, and I will therefore leave this formality to one of my colleagues in due course.

In view of the fact that we are to-day asking you to agree to the company's capital being increased by £650,000, you will naturally expect me to give you an account of our stewardship and to review the present position of the company and its subsidiaries, and in particular to give you our reasons for the step which we have recently taken in purchasing the world-renowned illustrated papers and other periodicals already disclosed to you, which has necessitated this proposed increase in our capital.

I will first give you in chronological order the steps which we have taken during recent years to build up what is undoubtedly to-day one of the largest and most successful concerns in the paper trade, not only of this country, but also abroad.

CARRONGROVE PAPER COMPANY, LTD.

In the early part of 1924 we acquired a controlling interest on favourable terms in the well-known Carrongrove mills. Since then we have considerably extended these mills under the able direction of Mr. William Wallace, by the erection of a large new coating factory, and we are now busily engaged on further extensions. We estimate that the value of our investment in Ordinary shares to-day in this particular mill is at least £100,000 in excess of the cost price to us, and we look forward to an increasing revenue from this concern.

THE NEW NORTHFLEET PAPER MILLS, LTD.

In the spring of 1924 we purchased this five-machine mill situate on the Thames from the receiver of the Northfleet Paper Mills, Ltd., for the sum of approximately £100,000 for the mill buildings and plant. This represented one-fourth the amount at which the assets purchased stood in the books of our predecessors. We are now concentrating on remodelling this mill under the direction of Mr. Wallace and installing new steam boilers of the latest type and two large new turbines. We are also installing two new wide machines 174 and 120 inches in width respectively. When this work is completed, the output of this mill should amount to 400 tons of fine papers per week, and we look to turning this concern into a valuable subsidiary with a net earning capacity of £80,000 per annum.

We expect to find an assured market for 150 tons per week of our output from this mill by supplying another of our subsidiaries, the British Vegetable Parchment Mills, with the body paper which they will require for parchmentizing.

BRITISH VEGETABLE PARCHMENT MILLS, LTD.

After very careful consideration we decided at the beginning of this year to proceed with the erection of a large new factory, 600 ft. long by 150 ft. wide, alongside the Northfleet mills, for the manufacture of vegetable parchment paper. This country and the Colonies have been large consumers of this special paper for many years, but the whole of this trade has hitherto been left entirely to foreign manufacturers. It is hoped to complete this new factory early in the New Year.

Through the International Pulp and Chemical Company, Ltd. (of which I shall have something to say presently), we are already owners of a factory producing parchment papers in Germany, and this has given us the advantage of enabling us to send our own practical papermakers out to be trained on the most modern lines. We therefore anticipate no difficulty in making our new undertaking a success from the commencement of our working operations. This new factory will be capable of supplying not only the whole British market, but also a large part of our Colonial market.

CALDWELL'S PAPER MILL COMPANY, LTD.

In the spring of 1924 we acquired a controlling interest in this company, which had suffered in 1921 and 1922 severely by reason of the slump in heavy stocks of raw materials which they held. Since we acquired control we have financially assisted this company, thereby enabling it to spend very large sums of money in the installation of new machinery and plant, with the result that our investment has more than doubled in

value. Taking full advantage of the unique position of this mill, which is situate at Inverkeithing Harbour, we are now negotiating with the Admiralty for the purchase of additional land, which will enable us to erect a pier at deep water, and thus to bring in ocean-going steamers with our raw materials and ship our manufactured goods. This scheme will affect very large savings in freight. The Caldwell Board has just placed, with our full approval, an order with one of the leading British firms of paper machine makers for what will be the largest esparto machine in existence. To provide the necessary funds to carry out the large new extensions which we have in hand at this mill a new Preference share issue was made last week, which was promptly oversubscribed. Having seen most of the best paper mill sites in Europe and the United States and Canada, I am of opinion that our site at Inverkeithing is second to none. If the Government accede, as I believe they will, to the sale of the necessary sea frontage, Caldwell's should in the near future become the largest paper making centre for fine papers in Great Britain, and one of our most profitable undertakings. (Applause.)

INTERNATIONAL PULP AND CHEMICAL COMPANY, LTD.

In January, 1926, we negotiated the purchase for the sum of £781,430 of 21,900 out of a total of 22,000 shares of 800 gold marks each in the Koholyt A.G., owning five large freehold factories in Germany engaged in the manufacture of high-grade chemical pulp, paper, chlorine, and other products used largely in the manufacture of paper. In February, 1926, we formed the International Pulp and Chemical Company, Ltd., with a capital of £1,000,000, consisting of 600,000 8 per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference shares and 400,000 Ordinary shares, the latter of which we and our associates subscribed for in cash at par. The International Company is, therefore, through its holding of the share capital of Koholyt A.G. above referred to, entitled to practically the entire property of that German company. We regard this purchase as one of our most valuable investments. The Koholyt Company, of which we did not assume active management until March 1 last, had been run from an administrative point of view by our predecessors on lines which, in my opinion, left room for substantial improvement. In addition, the company's net earning capacity was adversely affected by trade loans at exorbitant rates of interest, which were then prevalent in Germany by reason of the financial crisis through which that country had just passed.

On taking over control we immediately took the necessary steps to crystallize that company's floating trade indebtedness into two hands at about 6 per cent. interest, and thus effected a large saving in interest, and we are concentrating on other important internal economies of a most drastic nature which will be reflected in our net future earnings. The fruits of our labours, however, will only be apparent in the current year of the Koholyt Company—that is to say, from July 1, 1926—and as our products are well sold over the financial year ending June 30, 1927, we look forward with every confidence to reaping a handsome return on our investment, which will eventually find its way into the treasury of the Inveresk Company, and thus materially increase our profits for 1927 and in the future. (Hear, hear.)

NEW MERTON BOARD MILLS, LTD.

This mill, after being completed in 1925 at a cost of over £300,000, came to grief for want of working capital. It was purchased by us from mortgages for the sum of £37,500 in July last. It is at present being entirely remodelled at an estimated cost of £50,000 under the direction of my colleague, Mr. Wm. Wallace. It is expected that this mill will be ready to start up in January next, and as our shareholders are aware, we have formed a public company to run it with a paid-up capital of £120,000, of which there are 80,000 7 per cent. Preference shares and 40,000 Ordinary shares. The whole of the latter we hold, having subscribed for them in cash at par. The production of this mill will be dealt with by our subsidiary company, Backhouse and Coppock, Ltd., who are large consumers of paper boards such as are produced at the Merton works. Mr. Wallace values this mill when remodelled at £200,000.

MORRIS AND CO. (GLASGOW), LTD.

Some months ago it came to my knowledge that an attempt was being made to corner or secure a monopoly of raw esparto grass. If this attempt had succeeded, it would have had a very serious effect on the output of our group, which consumes nearly two-thirds of the esparto grass produced. I had always been alive to this danger, and it was absolutely essential to safeguard our supplies of raw material. With this object in view, some months ago we agreed to acquire for ourselves and our associated companies a three-fifths interest in the share capital of this well-known and long-established firm of esparto growers. This company holds to-day leases for a period of years of over 1,400,000 acres of esparto fields in Algeria. We are entitled to take the whole crop from these fields at what is practically cost price. Mr. Morris and Mr. Miller have been appointed joint managing directors of this company for a period of years, and two of my colleagues and myself are joining the Board of Morris and Co. (Glasgow), Ltd.

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD.

As you will have gathered from what I have already stated, it has been our settled policy to acquire on advantageous terms a group of leading paper mills, and to safeguard their position with assured supplies of raw materials produced under our own control. Similarly, it was always in my mind that an indispensable adjunct to this policy was an assured market for a large output for our manufactured goods, also under our control. I therefore came to the conclusion some months ago that it would be a great advantage to your company and its associated mills if I could acquire for them a group of leading British illustrated papers and periodicals. This, as you know, has now been accomplished. In the spring of the year negotiations were opened with Sir John Ellerman for the purchase of a controlling interest in the *Illustrated London News* and the *Sketch*, the acquisition of the *Sphere* and the *Tatler*, *Men's Wear*, *Eve*, the *Drapers' Record*, and other papers controlled by him. Before proceeding further with the negotiations I visited the United States and studied conditions there. I returned convinced that if these papers could be acquired on reasonable terms it was good policy on our part to proceed with the purchase. These negotiations were successfully concluded some three weeks ago.

After these terms had been arranged, an opportunity arose of purchasing the *Graphic* and *Bystander* on terms subject to a condition by Sir Edward Iliffe on behalf of the *Graphic* and *Bystander*, Ltd., that the Inveresk Company, Ltd., should give an option to apply for 50,000 of the new Ordinary shares of your company at the same bonus terms at which they are now being offered to you—namely, 45s. per share. This option has already been exercised, so you will be asked to pass a resolution confirming that transaction.

The combined profits of the papers just purchased for the past three years average about £300,000 per annum, but with economies in contemplation I think we can safely expect a net profit from them of at least £350,000. We are forming immediately a new company under the style of *Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd.*, and an opportunity will be offered you shortly of subscribing to this new undertaking. It is agreed that the Inveresk Company shall apply for and get allotted in full 1,100,000 of these Ordinary shares at par. The Preference shares of the new company will be offered to the public shortly through the Charterhouse Investment Trust, Ltd., which has agreed to underwrite the Preference shares. Applicants for Preference shares will have the right of allotment of one Ordinary share for every six Preference shares applied for by them, and we have stipulated that there shall be no underwriting of these 300,000 Ordinary shares and that the Inveresk Company and its associated companies and friends shall take up all Ordinary shares (if any) not applied for.

Addressing you as shareholders of the Inveresk Company, I should once more like to emphasize the great advantages which will accrue to your company and its associated companies from the regular and large market assured for its manufactured paper through close association with the papers purchased.

AN ESTIMATE OF PROFITS

With the assistance of my colleagues I have carefully investigated the results which should accrue from now on to your company through its own manufacturing profits and those of its subsidiaries. We estimate our gross revenue on a full normal year's running at approximately one million pounds, and after deducting therefrom depreciation, Debenture interest and Preference dividends, etc., and creating reserves in all our subsidiary companies, we estimate that there should be approximately available for dividends in the Inveresk Company a balance of £400,000, subject to creation of reserves in our company, which I may point out will stand at the end of this year at nearly £600,000—that is to say, almost equal to the 600,000 Ordinary shares of your company. Included in these 600,000 shares are the 350,000 new Ordinary shares which it is now proposed to issue. (Hear, hear.)

OLIVE AND PARTINGTON, LTD.

But the time has not yet come for making final estimates in connexion with the Inveresk Company, and you will perhaps understand why I say this, and what is in my mind, when I inform you that late last night, within an hour or two of starting for Edinburgh, I concluded negotiations which have been in progress for some considerable time for the purchase of the Ordinary share capital of what is perhaps one of the most famous names in British paper-making—Olive and Partington, Ltd. Ladies and gentlemen, I am not in a position to disclose figures at this meeting, but two things I do want to say about this latest acquisition—the first is that compared with the magnitude of the business the amount of money we shall be called on to provide is very small indeed; and the second is that my colleagues and I are confident that we can reorganize this company's plant so as to show greatly improved results. I might add that this acquisition will involve no issue of share capital to the public, as the owners are quite content to leave the bulk of their money in the company in Preference shares. I think that may be regarded as a signal tribute to the confidence which those who really know the trade place in Inveresk management.

Mr. George A. Pike proposed the adoption of the resolutions. Mr. T. D. M. Burnside seconded, and they were carried unanimously.